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LINES EXTEMPORE,

BY THOMAS PAINE, July, 1803.

Never before published.

Quick as the lightning's vivid flash,
The Poet's eye o'er Europe rolls,
Sees battles rage—hears thunders crash,
And dims at horrors threat'ning scowls.

Mark Ambition's ruthless king,
With crimson'd banners scathe the globe,
While trailing after conquest's wing,
Man's festering wounds his demons probe.

Pall'd with the streams of reeking gore,
That stain the proud imperial day,
He turns to view the Western shore,
Where *Freedom* holds her bloodless sway.

'Tis here, her *Sage* triumphant sways
An Empire, in the People's love,
'Tis here, the *Sov'reign* will obeys
No King but He, who rules above.

Excerpts from Mr. Hamilton's "Men and Manners in America."

"Though the schoolmaster has long exercised his vocation in these States, the fruit of his labours is but little apparent in the language of his pupils. The amount of bad grammar in circulation is very great; that of barbarisms enormous. Of course, I do not now speak of the operative class, whose massacre of their mother tongue, however inhuman, could excite no astonishment; but I allude to the great body of the lawyers and traders; the men who crowd the exchange and the hotels; who are to be heard speaking in the courts, and are selected by their fellow-citizens to fill high and responsible offices."

"The privilege of barbarizing the King's English is assumed by all ranks and conditions of men."

"The great body of the New Englanders are distinguished above every other people I have ever known by bigotry and narrowness of mind, and an utter disregard of those delicacies of deportment which indicate benevolence of feeling."

"There is at this moment nothing in the United States worthy the name of a library. Not only is there an entire absence of learning, in the higher sense of the term, but an absolute want of the material from which alone learning can be extracted. At present an American might study every book within the limits of the Union, and still be regarded in many parts of Europe—especially in Germany—as a man comparatively ignorant."

"In point of climate, I believe Charleston is fully worse than New Orleans. In the latter, creoles are entirely exempt from the ravages of the prevailing epidemic. But, in Charleston, there is no impunity for any class. Even native Carolinians died of fever as well as their neighbours. The chances are, that if a person from the country, however acclimated, sleeps in Charleston even for a night, at a certain season of the year, he catches the fever. Should a person, living in the city, pass a day with his friend in the country, there is not a doctor in the place, who, on his return, would not consider him in a state of peril. In short, the people of Charleston pass their lives in endeavoring to escape from a pursuer who is sure to overtake the fugitive at last. At one season, the town is unhealthy; and all who can afford it, fly to their estates. At another, the country is unhealthy, and they take up their abode in the pine barrens. From the pine barrens, they venture back into the town, from which, in a short time, they are again expelled."

"In New Orleans, a man runs a certain risk, and has done with it. If he live, he continues to eat crawfish in a variety of savoury preparations. If he die, the crawfish eat him without cookery of any sort. He has no fear or dining with his friend in the country at any season of the year. But in Charleston, a man must be continually on the alert, for, go where he may, there is fever at his heels."

"Unfortunately, beauty in this climate is not durable. Like 'the ghosts of Banquo's fated line,' it comes like a shadow, and so departs. At one or two-and-twenty the bloom of an American lady is gone, and the more substantial materials of beauty follow soon after. At thirty the whole fabric is in decay, and nothing remains but the traditions of former conquests."

"If to form a just estimate of ourselves and others be the test of knowledge, the New Englander is the most ignorant of mankind."

"In the northern and central States—for of the climate of the southern States it is unnecessary to speak—the annual range of the thermometer exceeds a hundred degrees. The heat in summer is that of Jamaica, the cold in winter is that of Russia. Such enormous vicissitudes must necessarily impair the vigor of the human frame, and when we take into calculation the vast portion of the United States in which the atmosphere is contaminated by marshy exhalations, it will not be difficult, with the auxiliary influences of dram-drinking and tobacco chewing, to account for the squalid and sickly aspect of the population. Among the peasantry, I never saw one florid and robust man, nor any one distinguished by that fulness and rotundity of muscle, which every where meets the eye in England."

"The Americans I had met in Europe had generally been distinguished by a certain reserve, and something even approaching to the offensive in manner, which had not contributed to create a prepossession in their favor. It seemed, as if each individual were impressed with the conviction that the whole dignity of his country was concentrated in his person; and I imagined them too much given to disturb the placid current of social intercourse, by the obtrusion of national jealousies, and the cravings of a restless and inordinate vanity."

"An American is by no means a convivial being. He seems to consider eating and drinking, as necessary tasks, which he is anxious to discharge as speedily as possible."

"Forrest, the American *rara avis* of an actor, is coarse and vulgar, without grace, without dignity, with little flexibility of feature, and is utterly common place in his conceptions of character. There is certainly some energy about him, but this is sadly given to degenerate into rant."

"A striking difference exists between the system of rewards and punishments, adopted in the schools of the United States and those of England. In the former, neither personal nor forcible coercion of any kind, is permitted."

"There is a certain uncontrollable rigidity of muscle about an American, and a want of sensibility to the lighter graces of deportment, which makes him, perhaps, the most unhopeful of all the votaries of Terpsichore."

"In Philadelphia, it is the fashion to be scientific, and the young ladies occasionally display the *bas bleu* in a degree which in other cities, would be considered rather alarming."

THE SEA.

The sea—the sea—the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds—it mocks the skies—
Or like a cradled creature lies!

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go—
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter—I shall ride and sleep.

I love—Oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more;
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me—
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such outcry wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean-child.

I have lived, since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

THE GOOD FELLOW.

FROM A FRENCH NOVEL.

Among the French writers who have attained celebrity in the field of novel writing, Paul de Kock stands proudly pre-eminent. He so precisely strikes the chord which harmonises with the taste of the French public, that his productions have been received with a favour more lasting and general than has fallen to the lot of those of his contemporaries. He is a republican writer, a delineator of what would be termed here, low life. He never soars into the regions of fashion to dazzle and regale his readers with descriptive luxury, or the follies and eccentricities of the world on stilts. He seems quite unconscious of the existence of conventional personages, or that any degree of interest can be attached to any other class, but that which he has specially selected to furnish subjects for his pencil. Paul walks along the crowded thoroughfares of life, jostling and jostled, gleaning materials in every fresh contact with his fellow men for his amusing combinations—treasuring up the nice traits and evanescent distinctions which individualise character, and transferring them to paper with a fidelity that leaves nothing to be desired, and a rapidity of execution which is truly surprising. His last work, "*Un bon Enfant*," is the history of what is called among us, *A Good Fellow.* Charles Darville, the personification of the character, is the son of a wholesale silk mercer, who died, leaving his widow and son in excellent circumstances. Charles is a most dutiful and sober youth, up to the period when our history commences; when, with the best disposition in the world, he is led into the commission of innumerable follies and absurdities, which reduce him to the utmost distress. The character of Miss Edgeworth's Vivian bears a strong analogy to that of our hero. We first meet with him in an omnibus on his way to dine with his mother, who has invited a select party, and, among the rest, his intended bride, to receive him. He is recognised by one of the passengers, a frank, bold, good-natured, good-humoured, swaggering, swearing lieutenant, named Mongerand, his quondam condisciple, who forces him into a tavern to celebrate their meeting in a bowl of punch. In vain he urges his appointment. Mongerand overrules all opposition, with most plausible volubility; and from the tavern hurries him to the house of a mutual schoolfellow, with whom he was going to dine.

After dinner they adjourn to a billiard room, where Mongerand quarrels with some of the players; a general fight ensues; Charles receives a prodigious blow in the face from a stool hurled at Mongerand, who dexterously avoided the missile; the waiters turn the combatants out, and Mongerand follows his antagonists for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of a duel.

By good luck Charles loses Mongerand in the street, and he gets to his mother's a little before the party separates. The evidences of a recent mishap which he bears upon his face, confirm a fictitious story of his falling in the street, which serves to quiet the fears, as to his steadiness, of an old merchant, whose niece he is to espouse. He escorts his intended home, and to his horror meets Mongerand, whose notice however, he fortunately eludes. Mongerand fights, and receives a dangerous wound; Charles gets married, and is installed in the flourishing house of business of his wife's uncle, who forthwith retires to the country. Leonie soon perceives the difference between her uncle's management and that of her husband. The latter neglects his books, misses his appointments, and makes acquaintance with every body he meets.

"Far from resembling his wife, who desired to become well acquainted with people before forming an intimacy, Charles is at once intimate with the friends of his friends. It is sufficient for him to breakfast with any one, or to drink a glass of beer in the same company, to make his acquaintance. He will accept the punch they offer him; he will join a party of pleasure, proposed by people whom he sees for the first time, on leaving a coffee house, where at first he knew but a single person; he will shake hands with three or four individuals who come to talk to his friend. In this way one runs a great risk of prostrating one's friendship; but again, Charles meets none but those who shake hands warmly, and slap him familiarly on the shoulders."

Pecuniary difficulties begin to approach:—

"The business which Vanflonck procured him, turned out unproductive. Correspondents complain of the bad condition of the goods delivered to them: many refuse to accept them; returns cease to be punctual, and the manufacturers' bill must be paid. Leonie is uneasy; she entreats her husband to be more careful; Charles promises to do so, and he is sincere when he swears that he will think of nothing else but of enriching himself; but the moment he is out he forgets all he promised his wife, and allows himself to be led off by Vanflonck, or somebody else, to preserve his reputation of being a *Good Fellow.*"

Meantime Mongerand, who, after the affair of the duel, had married and settled at Lyons, separates from his wife, and returns to Paris. He assumes a complete ascendancy over Charles, and leads him from dissipation to dissipation.

"If he happens to station himself at his desk, and attempts to employ himself, Mongerand is sure to call for him. He comes swearing, shouting, and smoking. Slapping Charles on the shoulder, he exclaims, 'What the devil are you at this morning? They are waiting for us there below: the oysters are open: you know very well that German lost them yesterday to me.' 'My husband has a great deal to do,' said Leonie, looking at Charles to detain him. 'Oh, be quiet, madam, he will return to business in a moment; the matter of eating a dozen oysters—of drinking a glass of Chablis—'twill soon be managed: and Charles will only be fresher for his work. Come, we are all good fellows; but they have sworn not to breakfast without you.' Charles followed Mongerand, promising to return speedily; and when they reached the street, Mongerand said, 'Ha! ha! so you must have your wife's permission to go out. Oh, this is rare—it is too good!' 'No, no, it is because it is my wish to be busy. I am at liberty to do as I please.' 'Very good; but if not, I should tell you to make haste in casting off the yoke. Trample on *all that!* Women are what we make them, and a man is a fool that allows himself to be led. I love the women—I respect them—I am for proprieties; and I would never give you bad advice: but, in God's name, be a man: don't let yourself be led—you are under petticoat government.' 'My wife, I tell you, is as gentle as a lamb: I do just as I please with her.'—'That's well: then love her—cherish her—attend to her—but don't be led by her. Be master in your own house, and you will be happy.' The advice of Mongerand is more effective than the gentle remonstrances of Leonie. Why? Because Mongerand repeats all this to Charles at the tavern, before his friends, all of whom vie with each other in proclaiming themselves masters at home. They would laugh at any one who had the appearance of yielding to his wife—of consulting her; because these gentlemen are much more sensitive to a cutting joke of one of their companions, than to the prayers, the tears of their wives. Pitiful creatures! who pass their lives in declaring themselves masters, and prove it only by their acts of folly."

Our hero's family increases: his wife complains more loudly, and he is still more seldom to be found at home. Mr. Rozart, his excellent friend, takes the opportunity to attempt the seduction of Leonie, and Charles picks up a mistress, with the help of Mongerand. He is absent on an excursion of pleasure with his inamorata, when he accidentally hears of the failure of his own house. He gets through the unlucky business by the sacrifice of his mother's small property, and the sale of most of his effects. He next enters into a magnificent speculation with Mongerand, which fails. The creditors come down upon Charles, and this last blow reduces him to a garret. Then follow some of those scenes, which it is the delight of Paul de Kock to pourtray: he beautifully depicts the virtuous and tender wife, calm, gentle and uncomplaining, though oppressed by multiplied afflictions, and surrounded by misery, labouring incessantly at her needle to procure bread for her children, and to supply the demands of her reckless and idle husband.

The character of Mongerand is supported throughout with consummate skill and attention to details. It is a full length and highly finished portrait. The gradual changes in his manners, after he has quitted his regiment, until the bold, frank, rough demeanor of the soldier deviates into the undisguised brutality of the daring bully, who quarrels in every tavern he visits, are traced with masterly precision. The continued ascendancy of his stronger will over the mind of the feeble and irresolute Charles, still drawing him on, in spite of his better judgment, into fresh scenes of dissipation and deeper distress, and the facility with which Charles forgoes his resentment for every fresh injury, and becomes reconciled to him on hearing some bold, lying apology, and some new scheme of pleasure, are happily contrasted, and make each individual character stand more prominently forward.—But all this is so spread over our author's pages, and conveyed by so many separate touches, that we despair of finding a passage that shall place it in one distinct point of view. However, as Paul is peculiarly strong in his description of rows of all sorts, and as they are plentifully interspersed with his sentimental scenes, we shall give one for the amusement of our readers.—Charles had been involved in a duel by Mongerand, and conveyed to his garret dangerously wounded. Mongerand takes advantage of his illness to extort money from his friend's mother, who dies broken-hearted. On his recovery Charles is very indignant, and swears vengeance against Mongerand. After a long suspension of acquaintance, chance again brings them together. Fiddling or dancing are the two great resources of a Frenchman without a sous; so Charles betakes himself to the former, and with the knowledge of only two tunes, he sets up as a violinist. In this capacity he is engaged to play at a wedding.

"Charles sounded the strings of his violin; instantly a lively expression of hilarity lit up the countenances of the party; it seemed as if they heard a violin for the first time in their lives. Each one turned smiling towards the musician. Charles gave a few notes—the company formed—Charles played at random the contre-dances he could recollect. As for the figures, the dancers made them go to every air. The first quadrille was got over tolerably: during the second a young man thought proper to exclaim, 'the figure, if you please.' 'As you please,' said Charles. 'As you please—but hark ye, I don't know it.' 'It's the *cavalier seul*,' cried uncle Cæsar, who was very fond of that figure. * * * A buzz—a sudden commotion, which took place in the assembly, was caused by the arrival of the intended bridegroom. Miss Tigré was dancing, but without waiting to finish the set, she cried out, 'Oh! here he is, here is—I hear him!' and she advanced to meet a stout gentleman, dressed in black, who then entered the room, with two large nosegays in his hands: he smiled on all around him with an air of the utmost ease; began by kissing the hands of Flora, who devoured him with her eyes, gave her bouquet, presented another to Madam Tigre, slapped the shoulder of the papa, saluted the family, embraced the aunts and cousins, and ended his career right opposite Charles, who remained stupified on recognising Mongerand! The embraces and introductions concluded, they exclaimed, 'Come! let's dance! Places!' 'My son-in-law, Emilius, will dance with Flora,' cried Mr. Tigré; 'cousin Clootant, we'll face them.' But Charles continued motionless, gazed at Mongerand, and stirred not his *bow!* 'Play up, there—Music!' cried several voices. Here Mongerand perceived the eyes of Charles fixed upon him—he suddenly divined the cause of the obstinate silence of the violin. Without betraying any embarrassment, he ran up to Charles, took his hand, shook it forcibly, exclaiming, 'No, I am not mistaken—it is my brave La Valeur!' 'What! do you know our violin player?' said Mr. Tigré, while the company gazed in astonishment upon the son-in-law and the musician. 'Know him!' rejoined Mongerand—'why he is one of our old hussars—a brave fellow! He saved my life twice! By all that's sacred I am delighted to see him here!—Oh, poor La Valeur!' 'Ah, 'tis one of his troopers,' said Madam Tigre; 'Oh, I understand it now.' All this while Mongerand gave most significant looks at Charles, and muttered between his teeth, 'Be silent—above all, no cursed absurdities.' 'Mongerand, you are a villain, an infamous—' 'Hold your tongue.' 'You have borrowed from my mother, in my name.' 'It is to repay you that I am here.' 'You can't marry this girl, for you have a wife already.' 'What's that to you? that's my business; my wife must be dead; I am sure I must be a widower—come, strike up.' 'But—' 'Hush! What are you to get?' 'Fifteen francs.' 'I'll make it six and thirty.' But I can't permit—' Mongerand now ceased to speak in an under tone to Charles, and retired, saying, 'Come, my brave fellow, I am glad your family is so well: play us one of those delightful country dances, with which you enlivened us in quarters. Let's to our places, divine Flora!'

'Excellent! most exquisite music!' said Mongerand at every turn, when Charles had at length set them in motion. 'He plays us the same tune very often,' said a young man who danced beside the intended. 'Sir, what is charming can never be played too often, and I know no air so fit for dancing.' This was said in such a positive tone, that every body was convinced.'

A waltz is called for—Charles does not happen to know one, and plays up his old tune of "Tron la la."

"The waltzers started, but they found it difficult to proceed, because the air was not one, two, three. Mongerand, with more address, immediately made it answer, and whirled Flora along through the crowd of motionless dancers. 'Do you know no other waltz?' said a dancer to Charles, who only replied by playing 'Tron la la' more energetically. But Mongerand stopped not; he whirled Flora along with accelerated velocity. Mr. Tigré cried out, 'the air is excellent—my son-in-law dances it superbly! Mon Dieu! how they spin—'tis frightful!' Flora had lost three little combs: one side of her head-dress floated on her shoulders—the perspiration streamed down her face; but she did not ask to stop; and Mongerand kept humming, as he kicked every thing that came in his way—'Tron la la. Just so, by all that's glorious!'"

The entrance of a guest, who recognizes Mongerand as a married man, spreads terror, dismay and indignation amid the festivity. Sir Ezzelin's "'Tis he," in the brilliant hall of Otho, did not produce a more astounding effect. Mongerand behaves like another Lara.

"'Sir,' said uncle Cæsar, advancing towards Mongerand with a determined air, 'know that a family established in the fur line for thirty years is not to be trifled with in this way, and that we can—' 'I know—I know that you are tiresome. To the devil with you and your niece—no marriage at present—good night.' 'Kick him out,' cried all the young cousins, indignant at this impertinent reply, while Flora went to faint beside her mother. 'Who talks of kicking me out?' said Mongerand, drawing himself up proudly in the middle of the room; 'let him come forward; I am his man. Charles, station yourself on my left, and let us affect an honorable retreat.—Charles, foreseeing at the outset that matters would become worse, had attempted to disappear; but he must have his violin, which had been seized by uncle Cæsar. Suddenly he saw himself surrounded, pushed by all the young people, united to force Mongerand to retreat. The latter tried to make head against them, and drive back the crowd: he was obliged to yield—he had already gained the door of the staircase, when uncle Cæsar handed Charles his violin, saying, 'Here's your scratch.' Mongerand seized it and broke it on the nose of uncle Cæsar, saying, 'And here's my farewell.'"

This was beyond endurance. Mongerand and Charles were kicked down stairs. "What an infernal wedding," cried Mongerand; "all was going on so well but for the arrival of that old fool, who came from Lyons expressly to spoil sport." Soon after Charles takes Mongerand as an assistant minstrel; but we feel that we have already trespassed too much upon our space; we shall therefore rapidly hurry to the catastrophe. Charles sees his heroic wife perish with her son in their abode of misery. A rich uncle takes away his daughter, and gives him a thousand crowns to send him to the colonies. He is going to start, when he meets Mongerand, who had acquired some property by the death of his own wife, and who persuades him to go to England on a matrimonial expedition. "I have an idea," said he, that I will turn the head of some *lady*. She will have a million—will marry me. I'll give you half of it, and you'll have no need of taking the leap of Niagara." Eight years after this, Charles returns to Paris in a most miserable plight. The first place he visits is the tomb of his wife. He attempts to see his daughter; but she knows him not, and gives him alms. Soon after he meets Mongerand, and the following closing scene takes place.

"'So! you did not expect to see me here,' said Mongerand; 'did you?' I came precisely because you forbade me: such is my custom. I have determined to keep you company.' 'Leave me to my grief—I can no longer bear your presence,' said Charles with impatience: 'it augments my despair. You have caused my misfortunes, leading me to commit folly upon folly.' 'Oh, then it is my fault that you should like pleasure, women and wine!' 'But for your advise I had listened to my wife, and should not have caused her death.' 'You have assumed a tone which I had punished in any other.' While saying this, Mongerand planted himself before Charles to stop his passage; the latter flung him aside, and proceeded on his way. 'Insolent fellow!' said Mongerand, 'but that I pity you—' 'Pity!' cried Charles, retracing his steps with haste, and scowling upon him, '*You* pity me—wretch! this last disgrace alone was wanting—beware lest I avenge the death of my wife and son!' Charles, you heap insult upon insult.' 'You have arms, avenge yourself; give me one of those pistols!' 'Begone, Charles! I'll not follow you.' 'Ha! coward, you are fit only for deeds of baseness!' 'Coward!' cried Mongerand, with flashing eyes, 'you compel me—let's to it then!' He took two pistols from his pocket, examined their loading, then presenting one to Charles, he drew back ten paces. 'Come, let us fire together, and finish the affair.' They raised the pistols and fired almost at the same instant. Mongerand heard the ball whistle by his ear; Charles received that of his adversary in his heart—he fell and expired, muttering the name of his daughter. Mongerand went up to him; at first he was for assisting him; but, observing that he was dead, he quietly put the pistols into his pocket, and departed, saying: 'Tis a pity—*he was a good fellow!*'"

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

There is a tone in every gale,
Which speaks of blossoms gone;
Which seems to pour a lonely wail
O'er hope and beauty flown:
The trees, the fields, which were but now
The glory of the year,
Have lost the light and blooming glow
They kept, when Spring was here.

Yes, the pure radiance of the sun
On them no more descends;
The freshness of their birth is gone,
Like smiles of early friends;
The blight is on the forest tops,
And on the waving corn;
Their richness passed, as fade the clouds
Of some gay summer morn.

Thus, looking at the golden hours
That passed so sadly soon,
Like dew from the luxuriant flowers,
That melts before the noon—
I feel how fleeting are the joys
That human life can give;
How every hope the heart employs
On earth, is fugitive.

All save that faith-enkindled hope,
From virtue's fount that springs,
To lift the undying spirit up,
As on the eagle's wings:
A hope sublime—immortal—pure—
In love to mortals given—
Traced in the Word of Promise sure,
And fixed on God and Heaven.

How soon the dark, autumnal storm
O'er summer's sheen is borne!
The sad tree stands, a wasted form,
All wither'd in its morn.
'Tis thus with life—its dreams are new
And bright—till rolling years
Sweep each young vision from the view,
And dim the eye with tears.

And still, an ever-restless tide
The stream of time sweeps on;
Within its bosom sink the pride,
And hopes and raptures gone;
A troub'lous waste of moving years,
Beneath whose depths go down
The peasant, with his joys and fears—
The monarch with his crown;

The beauteous form—the clinging love,
That thought the world its own;
And deemed no earthly power could move
Its hold from that alone:—
These, with their charms, are rent apart—
And in the sullen wave,
That hides the past from every heart,
Ambition finds its grave.

Oh, Life! how vain a thing art thou,
If in thy little span
The spirit feels no heavenward glow
Above the world of man!
A waste thou art—where storm and gloom
With light and joy contend;
Where sickness steals o'er youthful bloom,
And friend departs from friend! C.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

One pleasant evening in the month of June, in the year 17—, a man was observed entering the borders of a wood, near the Hudson river, his appearance that of a person above the common rank. The inhabitants of a country village would have dignified him with the title of 'squire, and from his manner, have pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society, would inform you, there was something like a military air about him. His horse panted as if it had been hard pushed for some miles, yet from the owner's frequent stops to caress the patient animal, he could not be charged with want of humanity; but seemed to be actuated by some urgent necessity. The rider's forsaking a good road for the by-path leading through the woods, indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travellers. He had not left the house where he inquired the direction of the above mentioned path more than two hours, before the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, travelling becoming dangerous, as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lightning's flash afforded him a momentary view of his situation. A peal, louder and of longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head, seeming as if it would rend the woods assunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain, which penetrated the clothing of the stranger ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted with the labors of the day, he was about making such disposition of the saddle and his own coat, as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit, when he espied a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed. The way, which was somewhat steep, became attended with more obstacles the farther he advanced; the soil being composed of clay, which the rain had rendered so soft that his feet slipped at every step. By the utmost perseverance, this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in front of a decent looking farm house. The watch dog began barking, which brought the owner of the mansion to the door.

"Who is there?" said he.

"A friend, who has lost his way, and in search of a place of shelter," was the answer.

"Come in, sir," added the first speaker, "and whatever my house will afford, you shall have with welcome."

"I must first provide for the weary companion of my journey," remarked the other.

But the former undertook the task, and after conducting the new comer into a room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well-stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully. On rejoining the traveller, he observed, "That is a noble animal of yours, sir."

"Yes," was the reply, and I am sorry that I was obliged to misuse him so, as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him; but I have yet to thank you for your kindness to both of us."

"I did no more than my duty, sir," said the entertainer, "and therefore am entitled to no thanks. But Susan," added he, turning to the hostess, with a half-reproachful look, "why have you not given the gentleman something to eat?"

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising her well-known benevolence; for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators, but a few days before, in that neighborhood, and as report stated that the ruffians were all well dressed, her imagination suggested that this man might be one of them.

At her husband's remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing her error, by preparing a plentiful repast. During the meal, there was much interesting conversation among the three. As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed him, that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their evening devotions, inviting him at the same time to be present. The invitation was accepted in these words:

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my heavenly Preserver, after the events of the day; such exercises prepare us for the repose which we seek in sleep."

The host now reached the Bible from the shelf, and after reading a chapter and singing, concluded the whole with a fervent prayer; then lighting a pine-knot, conducted the person he had entertained to his chamber, wished him a good night's rest, and retired to the adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is a good gentleman, and not one of the highwaymen, as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan," said he, "I like him better for thinking of his God, than for all his kind inquiries after our welfare. I wish our Peter had been home from the army, if it was only to hear this good man talk; I am sure Washington himself could not say more for his country, nor give a better history of the hardships endured by our brave soldiers."

"Who knows now," inquired the wife, "but it may be he himself, after all, my dear; for they do say he travels just so, all alone, sometimes. Hark! what's that?"

The sound of a voice came from the chamber of their guest, who was now engaged in his private religious worship. After thanking the Creator for his many mercies, and asking a blessing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued, "and now, Almighty Father, if it is thy holy will, that we shall obtain a place and a name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, by our endeavors to fear and obey thee. Bless us with wisdom in our councils, success in battle, and let all our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore our liberty and peace. Grant the petition of thy servant, for the sake of him whom thou hast called thy beloved son: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. Amen."

The next morning the traveller, declining the pressing solicitations to breakfast with his host, declared it was necessary for him to cross the river immediately, at the same time offering a part of his purse as a compensation for what he had received, which was refused.

"Well, sir," continued he, "since you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is but just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations, and also add to them, by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday endeavoring to obtain some information respecting our enemy, and being alone, ventured too far from the camp. On my return, I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the roads and the fleetness of my horse. My name is George Washington."

Surprise kept the listener silent for a moment; then, after unsuccessfully repeating the invitation to partake of some refreshment, he hastened to call two negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying in the river, near the door, and soon conveyed the general to the opposite side, where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey. On his return to the house, he found that while he was engaged in making preparations for conveying the horse across the river, his illustrious visitor had persuaded his wife to accept a token of remembrance, which the family are proud of exhibiting to this day.

The above is only one of the hazards encountered by this truly great patriot, for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the treasures we now enjoy. Let us acknowledge the benefits received, by our endeavors to preserve them in their purity; and by keeping in remembrance the great Source whence these blessings flow, may we be enabled to render our names worthy of being enrolled with that of the "Father of his Country."—*N. Y. Mirror.*

NELSONIANA.

Many striking expressions are recorded of Nelson's early years which show that he had a settled purpose of outdoing all the achievements of his naval predecessors. The common notion of sailors that one Briton is a match for three Frenchmen was deliberately adopted into his creed, and, calculating upon this advantage as the short and easy road to fame, he resolved upon enterprizes heretofore deemed impracticable. He cheerfully set his life upon the cast—"Victory, or Westminster-abbey," his favourite war-cry. An old Italian proverb says that "he who would be Pope must take it strongly into his head and he shall be Pope." Nelson, from the moment that he first went to sea, appears to have reasoned and acted on this quaint maxim. He was determined to succeed in whatever he undertook. When he attacked the bear upon the ice, while a youngster on the frozen ocean, and when afterwards, as an Admiral, he bore down upon the French squadron at the Nile, this was the load-star that guided him to conquest. On beholding the gallant ships of the enemy, Captain Berry, in an ecstacy of delight, exclaimed—"If we succeed what will the world say?" "There's no if, in the case," replied Nelson; "that we shall succeed is certain. Who may live to tell the story is a very different question." His personal valour sometimes rose to enthusiasm, as when, with only his boat's crew, he fought the Spanish commodore hand to hand in Cadiz bay; or when, on St. Valentine's day, he boarded two of their ships of the line: yet even then it was regulated by a steady sense of duty. His was not a blind physical courage: he knew and felt the danger, but his self-possession never deserted him. At Copenhagen, during, as he often declared, the hottest engagement that he had ever witnessed, the fire of the Danish batteries was doing terrible execution on board our ships, when a shot struck the Elephant's mainmast close to him. "Warm work," said Nelson to the officer with whom he was pacing the deck; "this day may be the last to many of us in a moment—but mark me," said he, stopping short at the gangway,—"I would not be elsewhere for thousands." Soon after this, Sir Hyde Parker became exceedingly anxious for Nelson's critical position, and made the recal signal. This being reported, Nelson, humourously putting the glass to his blind eye, said, "I can't see the signal," and directed that for close action to be kept flying. On the last day of his life his farewell to Captain Blackwood, as well as other circumstances of his conduct, showed a remarkable presentiment that he should receive his death wound in the approaching conflict: yet, under this foreboding, the cool deliberation with which he made his dispositions, and gave his orders, and watched every movement of the enemy, while exposed to a hail-storm of bullets, proved the imperturable intrepidity of his heart. Unwearied perseverance was another striking feature of Nelson's character. Every succeeding triumph indeed was but the inspiration of a greater undertaking. "Nil actum reputans si quid superesset agendum." He set no value on personal comforts, nor cared for the severest privations. Public duty, while afloat, occupied all his thoughts. For two long years he watched with cat-like vigilance the Toulon fleet, and when the French Admiral put to sea in a heavy gale, which blew Nelson off their coast, and, uniting with the Spaniards at Cadiz, sailed for the West Indies, with eighteen sail of the line, having on board four thousand troops, he pursued them thither, with ten ships only, and tracked them with such speed and sagacity through those islands that false intelligence alone saved them from his grasp. Returning to England, worn down by the unceasing anxiety and fatigue of this extraordinary chase, he had scarcely arrived at Merton, his beloved retreat near London, to enjoy a short repose, when he was roused at five in the morning by Captain Blackwood, on his way to the Admiralty with despatches. Nelson instantly exclaimed, "I am sure you bring me news of the enemy's fleet, and I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." In three weeks from his landing he was again at Portsmouth. On resuming the command, Lord Barham, who was then at the head of the Admiralty, presented the navy-list to him, desiring him to choose his officers. "Choose yourself, my Lord," said Nelson; "they are all actuated by the same spirit; you cannot choose wrong." The offer and refusal were equally creditable to these two honourable men. Nelson's consideration for others was strongly marked at the unfortunate attack of Teneriffe. Mr. Nisbet, son of his lady by a former husband, was serving on board of Nelson's ship, the Theseus. Knowing the very desperate nature of the service in contemplation, he resolved that this young man should not accompany him, but when all was prepared, Nisbet appeared before him, equipped to take his share in it. Nelson urged him to remain on board, saying—"Should we both fall, Josiah, what will become of your poor mother? the care of the Theseus falls to you." Nisbet replied—"Sir, the ship must take care of herself. I will go with you to-night if I never go again." Providential indeed was this resolve, for Nelson lost his arm by a grape shot at the instant of landing. Nisbet raised him from the beach, bound up his wound, and by great exertions conveyed him safely under the enemy's fire. They had to pass through the drowning crew of the Fox cutter, which was just then sunk by a shot from the batteries. Nelson, though in great agony, laboured with his remaining hand to save several of these poor fellows; and when afterwards it was proposed to take him alongside of Captain Freemantle's ship, for surgical aid, he insisted on being carried forward to the Theseus, lest his sudden presence should alarm that gallant officer's wife, who happened to be on board. So little did he regard his own sufferings that in the dispatch, written with his left hand two days after the action, he made no allusion to his wound. A similar omission was observed three years before, when he lost an eye at the siege of Calvi: nor should it be forgotten that, when severely, and as he believed, mortally, wounded in the battle of the Nile, the explosion of the French Admiral's ship instantly recalled him from the cockpit, whither he had been carried, and he at once forgot his own peril and anguish, while giving directions to save the remains of her crew from destruction.—*Lodge's Portraits and Memoirs.*

From *Outre Mer*, or, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea,
By H. W. Longfellow, Esq.

JACQUELINE.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
SHAKSPEARE.

"Dear mother,—is it not the bell I hear?"

"Yes, my child; the bell for morning prayers. It is Sunday to-day."

"I had forgotten it. But now all days are alike to me. Hark! it sounds again—louder—louder. Open the window, for I love the sound. There; the sunshine and the fresh morning air revive me. And the church bell—oh mother,—it reminds me of the holy sabbath mornings by the Loire—so calm, so hushed, so beautiful! Now give me my prayer-book, and draw the curtain back that I may see the green trees and the church spire. I feel better to-day, dear mother."

It was a bright, cloudless morning in August. The dew still glistened on the trees, and a slight breeze wafted to the sick-chamber of Jacqueline the song of the birds, the rustle of the leaves, and the solemn chime of the church-bells. She had been raised up in bed, and reclining upon the pillow, was gazing wistfully upon the quiet scene without. Her mother gave her the prayer-book and then turned away to hide a tear that stole down her cheek.

At length the bells ceased. Jacqueline crossed herself, kissed a pearl crucifix that hung around her neck, and opened the silver clasps of her missal. For a time she seemed wholly absorbed in her devotions. Her lips moved,—but no sound was audible. At intervals the solemn voice of the priest was heard at a distance, and then the confused responses of the congregation, dying away in inarticulate murmurs. Ere long the thrilling chaunt of the Catholic service broke upon the ear. At first it was low, solemn, and indistinct;—then it became more earnest and entreating, as if interceding, and imploring pardon for sin;—and then arose louder and louder, full, harmonious, majestic, as it wafted the song of praise to heaven,—and suddenly ceased. Then the sweet tones of the organ were heard,—trembling, thrilling, and raising higher and higher, and filling the whole air with their rich melodious music. What exquisite accords!—what noble harmonies!—What touching pathos!—The soul of the sick girl seemed to kindle into more ardent devotion, and to be wrapt away to heaven in the full harmonious chorus, as it swelled onward, doubling and redoubling, and rolling upward in a full burst of rapturous devotion!—Then all was hushed again. Once more the low sound of the bell smote the air, and announced the elevation of the host. The invalid seemed entranced in prayer. Her book had fallen beside her,—her hands were clasped,—her eyes closed,—her soul retired within its secret chambers. Then a more triumphant peal of bells arose. The tears gushed from her closed and swollen lids; her cheek was flushed; she opened her dark eyes and fixed them with an expression of deep adoration and penitence upon an image of the Saviour on the cross, which hung at the foot of her bed, and her lips again moved in prayer. Her countenance expressed the deepest resignation. She seemed to ask only that she might die in peace, and go to the bosom of her Redeemer.

The mother was kneeling by the window, with her face concealed in the folds of the curtain. She arose, and, going to the bed side of her child, threw her arms around her, and burst into tears.

"My dear mother, I shall not live long—I feel it here. This piercing pain—at times it seizes me, and I cannot—cannot breathe."

"My child, you will be better soon."

"Yes, mother, I shall be better soon. All tears and pain and sorrow will be over. I have just heard, I shall never hear again on earth. Next sabbath mother, kneel again by that window as to-day. I shall not be here, upon this bed of pain and sickness, but when you hear the solemn hymn of worship and the beseeching tones that wing the spirit up to God, think mother, that I am there,—with my sweet sister who has gone before us,—kneeling at our Saviour's feet, and happy—oh, how happy!"

The afflicted mother made no reply,—her heart was too full to speak.

"You remember, mother, how calmly Amie died. Poor child, she was so young and beautiful!—I always pray, that I may die as she did. I do not fear death as I did before she was taken from us. But oh—this pain—this cruel pain—it seems to draw my mind back from heaven. When it leaves me I shall die in peace."

"My poor child!—God's holy will be done!"

The invalid soon sank into a quiet slumber. The excitement was over, and exhausted nature sought relief in sleep.

The persons, between whom this scene passed, were a widow and her sick daughter, from the neighborhood of Tours. They had left the banks of the Loire to consult the more experienced physicians of the metropolis, and had been directed to the *Maison De Santé* at Auteuil for the benefit of the pure air. But all in vain. The health of the suffering, but uncomplaining patient grew worse and worse, and it soon became evident that the closing scene was drawing near.

Of this Jacqueline herself seemed conscious; and toward evening she expressed a wish to receive the last sacraments of the church. A priest was sent for: and ere long the tinkling of a little bell in the street announced his approach. He bore in his hand a silver vase containing the consecrated wafer, and a small vessel filled with the holy oil of the extreme unction hung from his neck. Before him walked a boy carrying a little bell, whose sound announced the passing of these symbols of the Catholic faith. In the rear, a few of the villagers, bearing lighted wax tapers, formed a short and melancholy procession. They soon entered the sick chamber, and the glimmer of the tapers mingled with the red light of the setting sun, that shot his farewell rays through the open window. The vessel of oil and the vase containing the consecrated wafers were placed upon the table in front of a crucifix that hung upon the wall, and all present excepting the priest, threw themselves upon their knees. The priest then approached the bed of the dying girl, and said in a slow and solemn tone:

"The King of kings and Lord of lords has passed thy threshold. Is thy spirit ready to receive him?"—

"It is, father."

"Hast thou confessed thy sins?"

"Holy father, no."

"Confess thyself, then, that thy sins may be forgiven, and thy name recorded in the book of life."

And turning to the kneeling crowd around, he waved his hand for them to retire, and was left alone with the sick girl. He seated himself beside her pillow, and the subdued whisper of the confession mingled with the murmur of the evening air, which lifted the heavy folds of the curtains and stole in upon the holy scene. Poor Jacqueline had few sins to confess,—a secret thought or two towards the pleasures and delights of the world,—a wish to live, unuttered, but which to the eye of her self-accusing spirit seemed to resist the wise providence of God,—no more. The confession of a meek and lowly heart is soon made. The door was again opened;—the attendants entered, and knelt around the bed, and the priest proceeded:

"And now prepare thyself to receive with contrite heart the body of our blessed Lord and Redeemer.—Dost thou believe that our Lord Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy spirit, and born of the Virgin Mary?"

"I believe."

And all present joined in the solemn response—"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that the Father is God, that the Son is God, and that the Holy Spirit is God,—three persons, and one God?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that the Son is seated on the right hand of the Majesty on high, whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou believe that by the holy sacraments of the church thy sins are forgiven thee, and that thus thou art made worthy of eternal life?"

"I believe."

"Dost thou pardon, with all thy heart, all who have offended thee in thought, word or deed?"

"I pardon them."

"And dost thou ask pardon of God and thy neighbor for all offences thou has committed against them either in thought, word, or deed?"

"I do!"

"Then repeat after me; O Lord Jesus, I am not worthy, nor do I merit, that thy divine Majesty should enter this poor tenement of clay; but according to thy holy promises be my sins forgiven, and my soul washed white from all transgression."

Then taking a consecrated wafer from the vase, he placed it between the lips of the dying girl, and while the assistant sounded the little silver bell, said;

"*Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam æternam.*"

And the kneeling crowd smote their breasts and responded in one solemn voice;

"Amen!"

The priest then took from the silver box on the table a little golden rod, and dipping it in holy oil, anointed the invalid upon the hands, feet and breast in the form of the cross. When these ceremonies were completed, the priest and his attendants retired, leaving the mother alone with her dying child, who, from the exhaustion caused by the preceding scene, sank into a death-like sleep.

"Between two worlds life hovered like a star,
'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge."

The long twilight of the summer evening stole on; the shadows deepened without, and the night-lamp glimmered feebly in the sick chamber; but still she slept. She was lying with her hands clasped upon her breast,—her pallid cheek resting upon the pillow, and her bloodless lips apart, but motionless and silent as the sleep of death. Not a breath interrupted the silence of her slumber. Not a movement of the heavy and sunken eyelid—not a trembling of the lip—not a shadow on the marble brow told when the spirit took its flight. It passed to a better world than this.

"There's a perpetual spring—perpetual youth;
No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine, nor age have any being there."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The "Friends" in England and America.

The Society of Friends arose in England, at a period when the foundation of civil government was shaken to the centre; and the execution of Charles the 1st, by dividing the Presbyterian party, secured the ascendency of the Independents, in the person of Oliver Cromwell.

From the prevalence of the republican theory, at this time, in the events of which, many who became "Friends," had been zealous participators, or, in accordance with the simplicity of their religious views, which banished all external observances, the Society was in its origin a pure democracy.

In following the light with which "Friends" believed the Almighty had enlightened their understanding, they renounced war, resisted the exactions of the hierarchy, and, incidentally, stood forth the champions of civil liberty.

At the trial of William Penn, before the Recorder of London, he was the ardent asserter of the rights of Juries; and at a period when uncompromising Jurors were unceremoniously incarcerated, he succeeded, by direct appeals to their spirit of independence, in stemming the torrent of judicial oppression.

The Society has, consequently, always been in a degree obnoxious to the dominant church party in England; but of latter times, having, from their habits of industry and economy, become a wealthy class, they have been protected in their peculiarities by various acts of Parliament. For these favours they have shown themselves not ungrateful: and the asperities of sectarianism being rounded off by time, the Quakers in England have so far assimilated themselves to the party that favoured them, as to become monarchists in principle, and Trinitarians by profession.

This is true, however, of the leaders of the Society more especially, and it is probable the great body of the sect in that country, like Friends in America, remain true to the republican principles, and Unitarian leaning of their common ancestors. With such ruling principles, in high places, it is not surprising that on hostilities being commenced in this country, by the attempt of the minority to overthrow and disown the majority, sympathizing agents should have been sent from England, to support the "Orthodox" cause, and for more than ten years has this once peaceful Society been vexed by a constant succession of these propagandists.

In order, however, to secure the co-operation, or even the neutrality, of the more temperate of their own party, it was necessary for the Orthodox leaders to hoodwink these halting partizans, by the exhibition of some phantom, to supersede the majority principle. This principle had hitherto been the guide and pole star of the Society, and in its halcyon days had worked so well, that it was carried to the extent of requiring an "unanimity" of sentiment, in the adoption of important measures. It would require some degree of credulity to admit the conclusion, that any, not predetermined to disorganize the Society, should have been deceived by the device adopted, and accordingly many were recovered to the ancient discipline of the sect, on perceiving the absurdities consequent to the adoption of a chimera so monstrous. And what was this last resort of the English party? Instead of appealing to numbers, they declared that matters should be settled by "*weight*." The majority, though startled at this annunciation, recovered themselves on perceiving that they necessarily carried "weight" as well as numbers. But the question of weight, was not so easily adjusted as that of numbers, in an assembly of many hundreds—who should hold the scales? The "Orthodox" soon conquered this difficulty, by declaring themselves the sole judges of weight, and their adherents the weighty portion: thus cutting the knot of fellowship with their brethren, and constituting themselves a distinct sect.

Weak in numbers, and organically incompatible with American institutions, this sect exists by foreign aid and the wealth and zeal of a few active leaders. Ashamed of the violence exhibited against the Society, many have already returned to worship at the altar of their sires; and it may be presumed, that when the excitement of the day is past, many more will follow this example, and the large amount of property which has been withheld, at length revert to the Society.

The number of Friends belonging to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, in 1827, was about 25,000. Of these more than 18,000, by actual enumeration, remained firm to the principles of their forefathers. The secessions from the Orthodox, which yet continue, have materially swelled this majority.

Under such circumstances it becomes an interesting enquiry—on what principles have the Council of New Jersey decided the "Quaker Case," lately closed at Trenton?

This enquiry has been pursued through the public press of the day, and public opinion has been loud in reprobation of the majority of the Court, for the attempt to call into action in this country, the exploded doctrines of a former age, when the enjoyment of civil rights and property were made to depend on an arbitrary standard of Orthodoxy in faith. The Society certainly believe that they are, by this decision, which gives to a small minority the property of the whole body, made the victims of an intolerant religious party, which deserting their standard, has approximated in a most unquake-like manner to the popular "Orthodoxy" of the day, and secured its sympathy. Friends may therefore be certain of a similar verdict whenever they are forced before a tribunal, with elements analogous to the New Jersey Council.

Courts, pre-determined, can find or make reasons for their decisions; and perhaps little will be gained by the exhibition of the ground taken in New Jersey. But it was there maintained, that if Friends had so far abandoned their principles as to have used force in the ejectment of the Clerk in the Yearly Meeting, of 1827, their claim to the property would have been established incontestably.

The rights of the Orthodox, then, rest on the consummate assurance of a man, usurping the office of Clerk, in opposition to the expressed and reiterated will of a large majority of the assembly; and this fact was admitted by all parties. No provocation, however, could induce the majority to depart from their peaceable principles, notwithstanding the leaders of the Orthodox were English emissaries, encouraging and animating them with the peculiar fervour of English aristocracy towards American liberalism. The forbearance of the majority had been correctly estimated by the disorganizers, who well knew that the courage of a Friend is rather passive to endure, than active to assail.

But to the Unitarian tendency of their opinions, "Friends" correctly impute the hostility of the New Jersey tribunals. Though harrassed by repeated attempts to force them to plead guilty to their heterodox opinions, "Friends" firmly protested against the competency of the Court to decide upon points of doctrine, and appealed to the Constitution of their country to protect them in their rights of conscience.

The Orthodox counsel relied upon the Trinitarian dogmas of their clients as their chief characteristic merit, and succeeded so well in establishing their claim, as finally to make them very tolerable Presbyterians.

If Friends had not been withheld by conscientious and constitutional scruples, from entering the wide field of doctrinal polemics, a discussion would have arisen, which has lasted in full vigour from the days of Origen, and will continue so long as men prefer unprofitable discord to practical righteousness.

True, however, to its character of an ecclesiastical tribunal, the Court pronounced a forfeiture on the part of the majority, because of unsoundness of faith in a a Society which never had a creed.

Had "Friends" consented to justify their faith before a human tribunal, amidst the disputed authority of texts and councils, a very respectable array of names might have been marshalled, of those who were the open asserters of the Unity.

Besides their own early writers, the era of their foundation produced a Milton, who, notwithstanding the machinery of his great poems, shines forth in these latter days a Unitarian. Locke, Newton, Pope, Watts, and a host of others, possessed of the first order of intellect, were in various degrees the possessors of the proscribed doctrine. Without adverting to the more modern names of Price and Priestly, in England, they can, in this country, readily find enough to keep them in countenance: Jefferson, Adams, Story, Channing, Webster, Everett, are names of weight.

But if the decision in New Jersey be admitted as a precedent, making the degree of Orthodoxy, professed by the Court, the touchstone, then does it behove every sect to "put its house in order," for judicial edicts may bind the consciences of men, with the alternative of pains and penalties to the contumacious. The prostration of all opinions to one imaginary standard, cannot, however, be effected in this republic simply by judicial decisions, or a war of words.

Should the experiment in New Jersey succeed, the Catholics, it may be presumed, will be the next victims, if, indeed, the obloquy already directed against them,

does not furnish a certain indication. This ancient, increasing and, with us at least, tolerant Church, must experience in the prostration of Friends by sectarian Courts, a foretaste, under the forms of law, of the full cup of persecution they have had to endure in England, Scotland, and Ireland; for, although opposite in profession, they are not any removed from the "evangelical party" of the day.

By the XIXth section of the Constitution of New Jersey, adopted at Burlington, July 2d, 1776, Catholics are denied the rights, privileges, and immunities, extended to the Protestant sects, and may be oppressed, not like the Friends by a perversion of law, but in accordance with its letter and spirit.

At this juncture it would then appear that danger is chiefly to be apprehended from a coming on of the fever of the New Jersey type. Its symptoms have been developed during the last few years, in the various forms of stopping the mails, chaining the streets, and preventing steamboat and land travelling on Sunday. By a pious zeal to raise money for the salvation of the antipodes, while the physical wants of the suffering poor at home are inadequately relieved. By a system of proselytism, operating through powerful associations, for the distribution of sectarian tracts, the foundation of sectarian schools, and the most persevering endeavours to obtain the sanction of the State and United States governments to their schemes. Except in the late case in New Jersey, these plans have been met and defeated. But even there, while the Court bows to the dominion of sectarian prejudice, it does homage to the principles of natural justice and common sense, by "recommending" a course diametrically opposite to that taken by itself. It has been remarked, that it "rows" one way and "looks" another. It may be some consolation to the Society whose rights have been outraged, thus to find the Court giving its sanction to the principle invariably acted upon by "Friends," since the minority separated from them. In accordance with the spirit of their age and country, they looked upon a difference of faith as involving no forfeiture of rights and property, and accordingly offered the separatists a pro-rata division. Had these "recommendations" of the Court preceded its "decision," this plan would have been necessarily adopted.

On the peculiar circumstances connected with this famous "Quaker law case," time will doubtless throw additional light. In the mean time, the mild recommendation of the Court, after such a decision, may be placed on a par with the honied words addressed to the victims of persecution in a former age, as they were carried to the stake:

Sister let us part in peace—
Brother let thy sorrows cease.

S. E. Post and Bulletin.

Saturday, October 5.

The meeting of Independent Democratic citizens of the Northern Liberties, held at the Commissioner's Hall, on Saturday evening, agreed upon the following Commissioner's ticket.

Peter A. Keyser,	Joseph Rhodes,
Charles W. Bacon,	Joseph Loughead,
Michael Andrews,	Thos. Weaver, for 2 years
Enoch Middleton,	Henry Bellenjean, for 1 yr
Daniel Clark,	

The Coroner was called on Sunday to view the dead body of a female, in Moyamensing, about 35 years of age. The deceased had a short time previously taken the room in which she died. She would not tell her name though she was called Rachel Ramsay. She, during the delirium of her fever, talked of her family as respectable, and her appearance indicated former better days. Nothing is known of the deceased.

PENNSYLVANIA COAL TRADE.

During the year 1832, the amount of Coal taken from the Mines in this State, and forwarded to market by the Lehigh, Delaware, Schuylkill, and Delaware and Hudson Canals, amounted to 363,850 tons

Of this quantity, the amount brought by the Schuylkill Canal was	204,000
Lehigh and Delaware Canals, from Mauch Chunk	75,690
Delaware and Hudson Canal, from Carbondale	84,160
Total	363,850 tons
In 1833, amount received by the Schuylkill Canal, from Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven, and the Little Schuylkill, up to Sept. 19th	192,315 tons
By the Lehigh and Pennsylvania Canals, from Mauch Chunk* up to the 20th inst.	63,419
By the Delaware and Hudson Canal, from Carbondale	71,730
By the Union and Schuylkill Canals, from near Harrisburgh	1,000
Total	331,151 tons

*By a break in the Pennsylvania Canal, near New Hope, the operations of this Company were retarded two months. Had the Canal been in navigable order, 20,000 tons of Coal would have been brought down during that period.

Schuylkill Coal Trade.—Despatched from Pottsville and Schuylkill Haven, during the week ending the 19th instant, 151 boats, carrying 6568 tons. From the Little Schuylkill, 28 boats, carrying 1151 tons; making 182 boats, and 7719 tons. Former report, 4403 boats, with 184,596 tons. Total amount of Coal brought this season by the Schuylkill Canal, 4585 boats, carrying 192,315 tons.

Lehigh Coal Trade.—Despatched from Mauch Chunk during the week ending 20th inst., 95 boats carrying 4519 tons. Former report 1805 boats, and 78,900 tons.—Total amount this season, 902 boats, and 83,419 tons of coal.

Schuylkill Coal Trade.—Despatched from Pottsville and Schuylkill Haven, during the past week, 137 boats, carrying 8,195 tons of Coal. From the Little Schuylkill, 34 boats, with 1,390 tons, making 171 boats, and 1285 tons. Former report, 1,585 boats, 194,315 tons. Total, 4,756 boats, carrying 190,000 tons.

Amount of Coal transported this season on the different Rail Roads in Schuylkill County, up to the 26th of September:—

West Branch,	60,072
Mount Carbon,	37,140
Mill Creek,	23,736
Schuylkill Valley,	13,387
Little Schuylkill,	27,301
Mauch Chunk,	3,486
tons,	201,302

CHARGE OF MURDER

An inquest was held on Wednesday morning, at the Pennsylvania Hospital, on the body of Thomas Wilson, a laboring man, about forty five years old, who came to his death under the following circumstances. Tuesday, about noon, the schooner Favorite, of Eggharbor, lying above Spruce street wharf on the Schuylkill, having nearly completed her loading of coal, the foreman of the coal yard who had the loading in charge, directed a man named McKinsey to perform a certain service in the hold, preparatory to finishing the job. While doing so, the mate of the vessel ordered him to desist, and taking him by the coat, threw him suddenly down on his back, with so much force as to render him partially insensible. On resuming his work after a short time, the mate again attempted to force him away, and a slight scuffle ensued. The deceased ran to the hold of the vessel to part them, and while in the friendly act, was struck with great force on the head with a handspike, by Joseph Cranmer, the captain; he fell senseless on the spot, and was immediately taken to the Hospital by his comrades, where he died about seven o'clock, last evening. The captain surrendered himself to the authorities, and appeared before Alderman Binns the same afternoon, with his counsel, David Paul Brown, Esq. His two brothers, James and Edward Cranmer, with himself, were committed to prison to await the termination of the case.

On the inquest on Wednesday, the body of the deceased was examined by Dr. Kirkbride, attending physician of the Hospital. On removing the scalp, a deep indentation appeared on the skull, about three inches in diameter, from which several dreadful fractures extended on each side, one being nearly five inches in length, leaving a fissure a quarter of an inch wide between the fractured edges. The skull itself being removed, the brain was found to be fatally injured, and was suffused with large quantities of extravasated blood. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the facts before them, that the deceased came to his death from blows inflicted by the captain of the schooner. No evidence for the defendants appeared; but we understand the rebutting testimony in their behalf possesses considerable weight, and until it is heard, public opinion on the merits of the case should be suspended.

Sudden and Awful Death.—Tuesday evening a case came before Justice Heeres of Moyamensing, for hearing, in the course of which a colored woman was brought up as a witness, and objected to by the opposite party. The refusal to receive her as a witness rendered her almost frantic with rage, which her subsequent admission to testify could not allay. On leaving the office a few moments afterwards, she dropped on the pavement and was instantly dead, an apoplexy having been induced by her over-excited passions.

The New York Commercial Advertiser furnishes the following, as an accurate list of the banks in the state of New York.

Incorporated Banks in the State of New York.

71	state banks (and two branches) as given in Williams' Register for 1833, capital	$25,681,460
	Additional stock to the Butchers and Drovers' Bank,	200,000
		$25,881,460
8	banks incorporated at the last session of the Legislature, in 1833,	1,950,000
79	Total,	$27,831,460
	Subject to Safety Fund, 69 banks,	$22,331,460
	Not subject to Safety Fund, 10 banks,	5,500,000
		$27,831,460

Names of Banks incorporated at the last session of the Legislature:

Cayuga County Bank,	Auburn,	$250,000
Chemung Canal	do. Elmira,	200,000
Herkimer County	do. Little Falls,	200,000
Lewis County	do. Martinsburgh,	100,000
Seneca County	do. Waterloo,	200,000
Seventh Ward	do. New York,	500,000
Troy City,	do. Troy,	300,000
West Chester Co.	do. Peekskill,	200,000
		$1,950,000

Epitome of the Times.

A gang of night brawlers, infesting the neighbourhood of Eleventh and Race streets, was broken in upon on Sunday night, by a detachment of the city Police, and several of the ring-leaders captured. William Jeffries and Samuel Washington, the two principal offenders, were bound over in the sum of $300 each.

The Drews have been committed to prison to await their trial, without a formal examination before the Mayor. This course was agreed to at the suggestion of the counsel for the prisoners.

A colored man, named Edward Chambers, a native of this city, was beaten to death, in New York, on Thursday, by another man, whom deceased had detected in stealing.

We are requested to state that the notes drawn by the late forgery from the Western Bank, have among them, numbers 45 and 48, of the denomination of 1000 dollars each. All the thousand dollar notes obtained by the counterfeiters, therefore, numbers 3, 10, 21, 26, 38, 42, 45 and 48.

Mr. Edgar, No. 68 south Fourth street, has just published two popular and elegant pieces of music—"Beautiful Blue Violets," as sung by the accomplished Miss Hughes, and the Tyrolese Fortune Teller, as sung by Miss Love. Both of these are delightful songs, and quite popular, just now, with the ladies, to whose taste Mr. Edgar never fails successfully to minister.

John Morell, was taken before Alderman Christian, on Wednesday week, and charged on the oath of several persons, with the larceny of carpenter's tools to the amount of several hundred dollars, the property of five different carpenters. He was committed for trial.

We understand that the new bituminous coal from Cambria county, which has reached this market, has sold readily to blacksmiths at 31 cents per bushel, on the Schuylkill.

The body of a new born infant, was found on Monday, in a small alley in Southwark. The parent is unknown.

We understand that prosecutions have been instituted against the Judges of one of the Western Wards for receiving illegal votes, knowing them to be such.

Power of Conscience.—A gentleman of this city on Monday received an anonymous letter, enclosing eleven dollars, being "principal and interest of a sum of money overpaid the writer many years ago."

The Inspectors of the General Election, elected in the several wards of the city, have agreed to open the Polls, on Tuesday next, at 8 o'clock, A. M. This is a wise movement, and will benefit all parties, and especially our aged citizens.

Harbeck, the militia fine collector, was on Monday last, sentenced to three months' imprisonment, for an assault and battery on Col. Albright, of the 84th Regiment, P. M.

Election Returns.—The Northern Liberties Free Admission News Rooms, 213 north Third street, will be kept open on Tuesday night next, until the returns of the election from the city and county are all received. The earliest authentic results will be thankfully acknowledged by the proprietor. Ward Blanks will be in readiness to fill up.

The model of the Girard College, adopted by councils, will remain for exhibition in the Hall of Independence, until the room is desired for the General Election.

Moore Wharton, apprentice to Mr. C. Stockton, Tailor, No. 251 Market street, was sent by his master on Wednesday, to deposit about three hundred dollars in bank, since which time he has not been seen.

The schr. Dorchester, arrived at New Orleans from Vera Cruz, on the 12th instant. She brought no papers, but a private letter from the capital dated, 24th ult. mentions that the cholera is making sad havoc there, and that the total number of deaths up to that period exceeded ten thousand. The deaths in one day, the 23d, it is stated, were *one thousand and twenty!*

There is to be a horse-race, next week, in the vicinity of New York. The rival animals are Edwin Forrest and Andrew Jackson.

A good sized Pear.—A Pear, which growed on a tree belonging to Mr. Richard K. Brickett, of Hampstead, N. H. has been left at the Post Office, measuring thirteen inches and three quarters in circumference, and weighing one pound five and a half ounces. Quite a subject for a meal!—*Haverhill, Mass. Iris.*

Fecundity.—A woman, by the name of Mrs. Horton in the town of Riverhead, has had seven children within twelve months.—*Sacketts Harbor Watch.*

In reply to many inquiries, says the Alexandria Gazette, it may be well to state that it is generally understood and asserted, that Mr. Duane, refusing to sign the order which he was required to do by the President, was REMOVED from office.

A Microscope is now exhibiting in New Bond street, London, which magnifies up to 2,500,000 times, so that in looking through it a flea is said to appear "as large as the late elephant Chunie!" We wonder if Pat would be able to find him there, should he put his finger on him!

More Reform.—The old hickory besom is again in motion. The Baltimore Chronicle advises us, that McClintock Young, Esq. of that city, is appointed chief clerk in the treasury department—and that Col. John Thomas has received the appointment of navy agent for the port of Baltimore.

Chickens hatched in Ovens.—The number of chickens hatched in ovens every year, in Egypt, is calculated at about one hundred million.

In a cause which not long ago depended before a local court, the judge, at the calling, pronounced the following interlocutor:—"Supersedes procedure in this case till the pursuer prove himself an honest man!"

Lieutenant Coke, in his Subaltern's Furlough, says he was struck, on his first visit to the strangers' gallery, in the American House of Representatives, to see at its entrance the following admonition:—"Gentlemen will please not to place their feet on the board in front of the gallery, as the dirt from them falls upon senators' heads."

The Rev. Mr. Forbes, a Scotch clergyman, in the county of Ross, has been found liable in £501 damages to one of his parishioners, for libelling him from the pulpit, in presence of the congregation.

The schr. Flash, Captain Adams, of Great Egg Harbour, sailed from New York for Richmond, on Thursday week. When off Little Egg Harbour, Mr. Burton mate, and Daniel Somers seaman, went upon the jib-boom to arrange the sails, when one of them slipped and to save himself caught hold on the other, and both fell together into the water. The wind blew fresh at the time, and before assistance could be rendered, they sank and were drowned.

Dr. Webster's new Bible has been published by Messrs. Durrie & Peck, New Haven. It is said to be a handsome volume.

A writer in the Boston Gazette, recommends to the people of Massachusetts, the erection of a monument to the memory of John Hancock.

A person whose name is supposed to be Daniel Hans, a laborer, was found suspended from a tree by two silk handkerchiefs, near the borough of York, Pa. a few days since. Verdict of the Jury that the deceased committed "suicide."

The wharves in the lower part of the city of New York, are overrun with Swiss children, of recent emigration, who, according to the Courier, subsist by pilfering. On Monday week, about twenty, of various ages, were arrested and committed as vagrants.

It is stated in the Fall River Monitor, that the number of spindles stopped at all the Manufacturing establishments in that place, is short of 15,000. The whole number of spindles in the different establishments is over 31,000—so that nearly half of the spindles are stopped. There is said to have been a greater scarcity of water at Fall River, in 1826, than at the present time.

A correspondent of the American Turf Register who signs himself George Humes, offers to run "African Lion," for any sum from five to five hundred dollars, against any horse of his size and weight that can be produced.

The Hartford Daily Review mentions, that in the late trial of Prudence Crandall, the Court forgot to swear the jury!

The Steamboat U. S. arrived at this port on Wednesday, on her way up the lake, having on board about 100 passengers, 10 horses and a large cargo of merchandise.—*Oswego Palladium, Sept. 11.*

"*Francis the First,*" was brought out on Thursday at the Tremont—performance pretty good—play heavy—audience thin—applause meagre—No go. Mr. Kemble's benefit last evening.—*Boston paper.*

English Loans.—A London paper remarks that eight or ten millions sterling can be loaned to this country on the security of State Governments, at 4 per cent. interest.

Birth of Christ.—A Berlin mathematician has attempted to prove that Christ was born six years before the epoch assigned by history to that event and consequently the present year is in fact 1839.

Fuddlemeters.—The Boston mercantile Journal contains some notice of a machine which has been invented to let topers know when they are getting too drunk to walk. It gives a smart box on the ears when the bacchanal reaches a certain stage in his guzzling.

During a sham fight, in Boston, on Wednesday week, Mr. Dillingham, a member of the Winslow Blues, was seriously injured by the accidental discharge of his musket. A part of his face was blown off, and he is not expected to recover.

The charter election took place in Albany on Tuesday week, the contest being between the Regency and the people. The battle was a severe one. Each party succeeded in electing ten members of the common council.

Use of Tobacco.—It is stated in the French papers that by mixing tobacco juice with the pitch and tar used in paying the seams of a ship's bottom, the attack of worms and destructive insects will be prevented, and coppering rendered unnecessary.

Orders have been received at the Navy Yard, New York, to fit out the frigate Brandywine for sea.

It is stated that the Board of Naval Officers for the revision of the rules and regulations of the Navy, will meet at Washington on the 1st of October.

It is supposed that Porter W. Hyde, who recently robbed the Salem Bank, while a clerk, of 6000 dollars, changed part of the money in New York for sovereigns, and that he has sailed for Europe.

The Sirocco of the Mediterranean is hot, moist, light and rapid—and affects the head with a painful sensation of heaviness and compression. Hence the saying of the Italians, of a dull book: "it is a sirocco performance."

George Gosnell, indicted at Meadville, Pa. for the murder of Charles Hackenbottom, during a late riot, has been adjudged guilty of murder in the second degree.

The brig Flora, Capt. Dastreys, arrived yesterday, at New York, from Constantinople. Capt. D. reports that a few days before he sailed, peace was declared between the Egyptians and the Greeks. The Russian fleet and army had sailed for the Black sea.

Mr. Durant proposes to make another ascension from Baltimore, if the sum of $5000 is previously raised, to defray expenses.

Gen. Abner Lacock, has received an appointment from the Canal Commissioners of Kentucky, to superintend the location of a Lock and Canal navigation on Green River, which empties into the Ohio, about 250 miles below Louisville.

The quantity of coal despatched from Mauch Chunk last week exceeded 5000 tons.

No Joke.—A county schoolmaster having been employed a few days ago, to draw up a petition to the chief magistrate of the borough, whose circumference could not be less than five or six feet, headed it, by mistake, of course, thus "To the Mare and body corpulent."

Oyster Stands.—In New Orleans these indispensable contributors to good living are, it seems, made a source of municipal revenue. The Mercantile Advertiser gives the names of twenty-one let at rates varying from $180 to $90, producing an aggregate revenue of $2455.

Chesapeake and Delaware Canal.—During the week ending 27th inst. 74 vessels passed from the Delaware and 75 from the Chesapeake, making 149. Former report, 4195. Total the season, 4344.

There is an anniversary in Barnstable, Mass. called *Cranberry Day.* It occurs on the 24th September.—On the last occasion, one hundred and fifty bushels, were gathered, by 250 persons of both sexes, from the young child to the venerable grandparent.

Feathered Pork.—A gentleman of Barnstable, Mass. owns a porker of common size, which he avers with more of pride than knowledge, has been the legitimate mother of about one hundred pigs. The animal had better be killed. She has fulfilled her destiny. She was born to be the subject of an item.

Queer.—There are now living in Osterville, (Mass.) three twin born young ladies, whose united ages are three score years.

Firing at a Sheriff.—A Deputy Sheriff, with an assistant, in Upper Canada, was shot at last week while riding to arrest two offenders charged with participating in the Farmersville outrage. The assassin was concealed from the view of the Sheriff and the ball passed immediately before him, and struck the horse of the assistant in the neck, which was so much injured as to render it doubtful if it will again recover. Suspicion has attached to a person in the neighborhood.

By boring to the depth of 627 feet, Mr. John Murray struck a vein of salt water opposite Freeburg, on the south side of the Monongahela, a short distance above the bridge. The water rises about 30 feet above the level of the earth, and is said to be stronger than that of Kiskeminetas. Seven thousand gallons per day are discharged—sufficient to make fourteen or fifteen barrels of salt.

A patent has recently been taken out for an improvement in the hanging of chaises. It consists principally of a spring, by means of which the centre of gravity of the chaise is thrown back when it is going down hill, and forward when it is going up, to the great relief of the horse—thus obviating one of the most important objections to the use of a chaise instead of a wagon.

Onions.—The cultivator of the onion has realized an abundant crop this season. It is supposed there has been upwards of 1000 bushels marketed, which have amounted to some twelve or fifteen hundred dollars. Barnstable may yet gain as much celebrity for onion growing as Nantucket for wool growing.—*Barnstable Mass. Journal.*

A stage, carrying 54 passengers with ease, leaves Washington twice a day for Alexandria.

There is no state Prison in North Carolina—so says the People's Press, printed at Wilmington.

Slander most Foul.—The Providence Herald relates a story of a tradesman in this city, who, unable to give away his pigeons, [illegible]

Mr. Hamilton, in his "Men and Manners in America," complains that there are no tooth brushes for general use on board of our steam boats! In one of the north river boats, he had to use a small end of a corn-cob to remove the dirt from his teeth.

The Lowell Journal has the following marriage: "In this town, Miss Rebecca Read, to Master Joseph Foremost. [illegible]"

The Martinsburg (Va.) Gazette states, that the Anthracite Coal recently discovered in that vicinity, by the Engineer of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, is believed to be equal in quality to the Pennsylvania coal.

The Salem Gazette complains of the scarcity of money in that town, [illegible]

A public meeting of the citizens of Baltimore, at which the Mayor of the city presided, was held at the Exchange on Monday last. [illegible]

The Club Fall Races on the Timonium course, near Baltimore, will commence on Tuesday, the 22d instant. [illegible]

A young man, named C. Winkler, attached to the Howard Fire Company, [illegible]

The tolls received by the collector at Blairsville, Pa. from the 9th to the 24th September, amounted to upwards of fourteen hundred dollars.

The Alexandria Gazette [illegible]

The Washington Telegraph [illegible]

The Columbus Hemisphere of 25th ult. announces the decease of John W. Campbell, District Judge of the United States Court. He died of an epidemic fever.

Several Mercantile houses have failed at Quebec, [illegible]

The Augusta (Me.) Journal contains complete returns of the votes for a member of Congress in the Kennebeck Congressional District; [illegible]

Great Methodist Meeting.—A Methodist conference was held at Manchester, which terminated on the 12th of August. [illegible]

Wholesale Abuse.—The Washington Globe charges Mr. Biddle with attempting to "bribe" the U. S. District Attorney in Philadelphia, [illegible]

Elopement in High Life.—[illegible]

A Sensible Prince.—Prince Frederick of Salm Kirbourg [illegible]

The steam boat Sangamon, lately experienced a severe gale near Donaldsonville, La. [illegible]

In Natchez during the prevalence of the epidemic, [illegible]

The Providence Journal [illegible]

It is reported that Reuben M. Whitney has been appointed Superintendent of Government Deposits in State Banks.

A young girl, aged 12 or 14 years, a niece of Mr. John Plank, of Cumberland township, Adams Co. [illegible]

The receipts for travelling and exportation on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road for the six months ending the 31st August, exceeded $106,000.

A new political party has sprung up in Cumberland Co. Pa. [illegible]

The editor of the Middlesex Gazette [illegible]

SHOCKING MURDER.

We find, in the New York papers of yesterday, the subjoined statement of one of the most barbarous transactions that ever disgraced the marine of our country.

We do not recollect the name of Walpole, in this city. It is possible that the wretched man gave his wrong name or residence.

"Captain Howard, of the brig Texas, arrived yesterday, furnishes the following account of a bloody transaction, which occurred on board on the 26th May. Mr. Babcock, supercargo, died on board, off Dix Cove, after a month's illness at Elmina.

The brig left New York, under the command of Captain Emery—John Walpole, of Philadelphia, mate. [illegible]

[illegible]

Capt. H. remains in a very weak state, experiencing severe pain from the wounds, which are still unhealed. [illegible]

Veto.—It is a remarkable fact, that although an absolute negative is vested in the King of England as a branch of legislative power, it has not been exercised since the year 1692—a period of one hundred and forty years. [illegible]

From the Globe of Friday.

We understand that the following Banks have been selected, by the Secretary of the Treasury, for the deposite of the money of the United States, in the place where they are respectively situated. The change to be made on the 1st of October next.

Baltimore—The Union Bank of Maryland.
Philadelphia—The Girard Bank.
New York—The Mechanics' Bank.
Do. —The Manhattan Company.
Do. —The Bank of America.
Boston—The Commonwealth Bank.
Do. —The Merchants' Bank.

We understand that another Bank will be added in Philadelphia, as soon as the proper inquiries and arrangements can be made; and probably, also another in New York. And that the necessary preparations are in progress, for carrying the measure into full effect in other places, as speedily as practicable.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE & SUICIDE.

On the morning of Tuesday last, Doctor Charles V. Swearingen, residing near Crossgrove, in this county, shot a young man, Mr. Bayard Thistle, son of Mr. George Thistle, of this county, in the back; and then in about ten minutes after shot himself. [illegible]

[illegible]

Dr. Swearingen has left an amiable wife and three young children. Mr. Thistle is now lying at the house of his grandfather, Maj. J. H. Bayard, of this town; there are hopes of his recovery, but we learn that his physician still considers it doubtful whether he can survive the injury he has received.

Mr. Thistle was a younger brother of the lawyer of that name, and not the lawyer as stated in some of the papers. He had just returned from New York, where he had resided for the last two or three years.—*Phoenix Civilian.*

Property.—The valuation of estate in the city of New York, is as follows:

Personal,	$54,474,116
Real,	114,907,073
Total,	$169,381,189

Of the above amount, the *first ward* of the city furnishes the following great proportion:

Personal,	$36,051,560
Real,	22,521,104
Total,	$58,572,973

A Villain almost Caught.—We published, on Monday last, an account of a forgery, by which $5000 was drawn from the Western Bank of Pennsylvania, on a draft altered from $50. [illegible]—*Albany Argus.*

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

Latest from Liberia.—We are indebted to Capt. Weston, of the schr. William Hopkins, for a Liberia paper of August 8th.

[illegible]

Missionary Meeting.—On Friday evening, the Young Men's Missionary Society of New York, auxiliary to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, celebrated their anniversary at the John-street Church—Dr. David M. Reese, President of the Society, in the chair. [illegible]

[illegible]—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

A new Name.—At the Police Court in Boston, on Wednesday, a fellow was brought in, who while engaged in sawing wood, had obstructed the course of the street, [illegible] "my name is Jack-knock-him-stiff, and I'll give you a sample." [illegible]

Attempt to Kill.—Yesterday noon a colored man who keeps a barber shop at the foot of Governeur's street, was brought to the Police office on a charge preferred against him of having attempted to take the life of a person in his store. [illegible]—*N. Y. Standard.*

A Desperate Villain.—Yesterday morning, about four o'clock, Mr. Anderson, one of the city marshals, was called to No. 120 Cherry street to arrest John Bradshaw, a Spanish negro, who had nearly killed two of the inmates of the house, James Painter with whom he slept, and a lad about 12 years of age, son of Mrs. Johnson, the woman with whom he boarded. [illegible]

From Liberia.—We have received a file of the Liberia Herald to the 8th of August, and subjoin the following articles from that paper, [illegible]

Manual Labour School at Millsburg.—[illegible]

Accident.—We learn from two of the passengers who arrived in the Mail on Saturday morning from Philadelphia, that the stage was upset about two miles this side of New Brunswick, [illegible]—*N. Y. Gaz.*

Another Dead Shave.—On Saturday morning, about 10 o'clock, a well-dressed black fellow went in to the Lottery-office, No. 183, Catham street, N. Y. and presented a ticket for payment, [illegible]

Devil's Chicken's Own Luck.—On Wednesday last, the $30,000 prize was drawn by a ticket in a singular manner. [illegible]—*N. Y. Standard.*

The ship Robert Wilson, owned in New York, and chartered by a house in this city, for a voyage to Vera Cruz, [illegible]—*N. Y. Gaz.*

Barbarous Outrage.—We learn, from one who was an eye-witness, the particulars of a recent occurrence of such a character that we cannot help but express our astonishment. [illegible]—*Boston Journal.*

FOREIGN NEWS.

From London.—The London packet ship Hannibal, Capt. Hebard, sailed from Portsmouth on the 25th ult. The Chronicle of which date was politely handed to us by Capt. H. But we find nothing in it which has not appeared in our papers per the Napoleon, except the following in relation to Portugal.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

Letters from Lisbon, of Aug. 13, state that "News from the Alentejo and Algarves, is unfavorable to the constitutional cause. Lagos and St. Ubes, as lately reported, were in the power of the Miguelites. [illegible]"

[illegible]

ONE DAY LATER.

The Boston papers of Monday contain extracts from Liverpool papers of August 26th, received per ship Propontis.

The British House of Commons adjourned on the 25th to Wednesday, 28th, to afford the Lords an opportunity for passing the measures before them. On Thursday, if no accident intervened, the Parliament was to be prorogued by the King in person.

[illegible]

REPORTED BATTLE NEAR LISBON.

The Liverpool Times, of August 27th, says that Marshal Beaumont was at Coimbra, which is 156 miles from Lisbon on the 12th of that month, so that nothing but a succession of desperate forced marches could have brought him within four leagues of Lisbon, where the battle is said by the Western (Exeter) Times to have been fought. [illegible]

From the New Orleans Bee, Sept. 16.

LATER FROM MEXICO.

The schooner Bonita arrived yesterday morning from Tampico, whence she sailed on the 4th instant. [illegible]

[illegible]

*This plant, we believe, is known among us by the name of the wild poppy.

From Canton.—We are indebted to Captain Bancroft of the ship Boston, for Canton papers to the 30th April. They contain some items of interest. [illegible]—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

From Para.—By Capt. Green, of the brig Rebecca, 20 days from Para, we learn that every thing was still in a state of confusion. [illegible]—*N. Y. Jour. Com.*

Extracts from late Foreign Papers

Extraordinary Phenomenon.—On Monday last, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, an atmospheric phenomenon occurred here, of rather an extraordinary description. [illegible]—*Scotsman.*

Innocent Youth.—At Marylebone, on Thursday, a fellow named Day was charged with having Hempstead, [illegible] (Great Laughter.) Committed for a month.—*English Paper.*

An offer of a considerable bet, on the part of the earl of Eglinton, to run on foot a distance of fifty yards, [illegible]—*Caledonian Mercury.*

It has been decided by Lord Lyndhurst, in the Court of Exchequer, [illegible]

Messrs. Heaton have for some time past been engaged in the invention of a steam coach for the common roads upon improved principles. [illegible]

Surrey Theatre.—The successful representation of Jonathan Bradford, [illegible]

A steam-vessel of fifty-horse power has lately been launched at Vienna. This vessel is destined to navigate the Danube, and supply the capital with cattle from Hungary.

The gas lamps of London alone consume not less than 36,000 chaldrons of coals in the year. The gas-pipes of the metropolis were, in 1830, of the total length of upwards of 1,000 miles.

According to the *Temps,* Charles X. has written to the sovereigns who are to assemble at Teplitz, to claim the right of being admitted to their deliberations, the act of his abdication not having been accepted by France.

The Day of Tunis has sent an envoy to the King of Naples to apologise for the insult offered to the Neapolitan flag. [illegible]

On a ballot of the East India Proprietors, on Thursday, the Company have accepted formally, and without exception, the terms of a renewed charter which have been embodied in the bill now on its passage through the House of Lords.

Pompeii.—The supposed discovery of the old port of Pompeii turns out to be an error. [illegible]—*Literary Gazette.*

An order has been received at the different dockyards from the Lords of the Admiralty, [illegible]—*Globe.*

At the Ruthin assizes, on Tuesday last, a learned wigsman put the following question to a witness—"You are a husbandman, I believe?" "No, I'm a singleman," replied the clodpole.

At the last Mayo assizes a prisoner was indicted upon a charge to substantiate which it became necessary to produce a donkey in court, [illegible]

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Solomon Lehman, Stock and Exchange Broker, No. 84 South Third street.

PHILADELPHIA, OCT. 1, 1833.

[illegible]

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, October 5, 1833.

REMOVAL.

The Printing and publication office of this paper is now removed to No. 36 Carter's Alley, 3d door below 3d Street.

*** All advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied by a remittance, or a reference in this city for payment.

During the progress of the Quaker trial at Trenton, we were frequently furnished with letters from a correspondent detailing a sketch of the debate. A communication of this nature was forwarded daily, but several did not come to hand. That mailed on the 30th of August—a letter of some importance—reached us on Monday, having been over two days on the road, travelling 70 miles in Uncle Sam's fast line.

It affords us pleasure to learn, that Mr. Evans, of this city, has perfected a kind of *patent chemical* sheets, boots, dolls, full of ambiguity, &c. &c. of the most elaborate character, and at such rates as will exceed very considerably the price of common ones now used. It is well known that a safe style of ornamental paper has been long wanted; and the invention of Mr. Evans will fully supply the desideratum. As a proof of its efficiency we may mention, that a certain counterfeiter recently informed one of our city officers that he had never found any difficulty in the business of altering checks and dollars, but that those from the hands of Mr. Evans, which he found impossible to change.

Fuel Savings Societies.

Among the best of the many valuable philanthropic institutions of our city, are the Fuel Savings Societies, the design and object of which are to aid those of our citizens in the purchase of winter fuel, and to induce the individuals so benefited, to put a small sum weekly, as a fund for this necessary purpose. The success of these societies in existence, and a new one has lately been established with the view of benefitting the poor of the northern part of the county.

The advantages of this institution, are free to all who choose to avail themselves of them. Any individual may deposit weekly or otherwise with either of the managers, such sums of money as he can conveniently spare, which money will be duly placed to his credit, and expended in the purchase of coal, which will be obtained on the cheapest terms. The amount of deposit money is optional with the individual; twelve and a half cents a week, or twenty-five cents in thirty-two weeks will amount to four dollars, a sum sufficient to procure a considerable amount of fuel at the warmest season. There is no labor required, that cannot self-ed to by double this sum in the summer season, and by so doing, he insures himself a considerable fund, during the coming winter.

Much of the suffering and distress which prevail in our city and suburbs every cold winter, might be alleviated by a little attention to this subject. The mechanics are the indigent which this and similar institutions offer, should be pointed out, by those acquainted with their state, and to those provident persons who have a small portion of their earnings. A habit of saving is one of the best which any of us can fall into, and economy in small sums is certainly leads to economy in those of more importance.

The following named gentlemen, managers of the Northern District Fuel Savings Society, are authorized to receive deposits.

James Sidy, N. E. corner of Water and Vine-st.
Christian Keppler, N. E. corner Second and Callowhill-streets.
Rodrick McKee, N. E. corner Second and Callowhill-streets.
John Keen, No. 152, North Fourth Street.
Thomas Wharton, N. E. corner of Callowhill.
Samuel P. Shoemaker, No. 286, North Second Street.
Edmund Pryor, No. 271, S. E. corner Green and Front Streets.
Samuel Townsend, S. W. corner Green street and Old York road.
Joseph H. Schlell, S. W. corner Green and Fourth Street.
John Sailer, No. 264, North Front Street.
Daniel Gilbert, N. E. corner of above Street.
George Hann, N. E. corner Third and Brown Street.
Frederick Hay, S. W. corner Third and Brown Streets.

Robert Wallace, N. E. corner Front and Maiden Street.
Oliver Perry, Old York Road, above Poplar Lane, Lumber Yard.
Michael Wallace, Noble street near Front.
Joseph Brooke, Apothecary, opposite Kensington Market.
William T. M'Neily, No. 606 north Third street.
Peter Browne, No. 336 N. Front street, or at the Kensington Bank.

The institution has now in its possession about sixty tons of coal, of which has been procured on very reasonable terms.

The two rows of trees in Chesnut street, in front of the State House, have ever been great favorites with the public, and continue to attract the undissembled admiration of strangers visiting the city. Under the shade they furnish of an unusually hot day, invites the pedestrian to pass under their grateful shadow, and attracts the idle lounger to admire the crowds of beautiful females who assemble at their favorite promenade. Besides the rich foliage presented by these trees, one of the most striking features of beauty they present is their presenting the reality of an arbour four hundred feet in length; rising up from the solid brick pavement of a delightful avenue of clear and unobstructed walking, undivided by box work of any kind, a protection being found in the natural affection of the public, for their safety. Any improvements in Philadelphia, even of a more costly kind, have been so much admired by persons of all classes, showing how universal is the love for the natural beauties of nature, and how much while the reputation of our city for tasteful arrangement and embellishment, is greatly enhanced in the admiration of strangers. *Gazette Transcript.*

The tree so much admired in Chesnut street, is deemed one of the best for ornamental purposes, and is known by the name of the Linden, Lime, Linden, and Basswood; from the matting which is manufactured from its bark, as well as by several other names we do not now recollect. It is a native kind of the tree this one described by botanists, five of which are common to Europe and three to America. The portrait from the blossom of the Tilia is well known, as all will remember, who have walked beneath the avenue in Chesnut street, on a spring evening, when the flowers yield the largest amount of odour. As Independence and Washington Squares immediately adjoin, both of which are plentifully stored with the Tilia, in the season of blossoming the whole atmosphere is sensibly impregnated with its delicious perfume. In some parts of Europe the honey made from the bees so scented the best in the world, and sells for double the price of any other. A small fruit, nearly as large as a cornutt, is produced by the Tilia, which might be applied to any valuable purpose, affords infinite amusement to the boys in large cities, who eat it in great quantities, the kernal possessing an agreeable taste.

A DESPERATE WOMAN.—We copy the following from the Harvard Daily Advertiser, in the hope it may lead to the discovery of the miserable woman of whom it speaks:

"In the *United States Papers*,—A woman deranged in mind, accompanied with a very young child, of a stature and scarce habit of body, aged about 28, by manners and appearance, appears to be having been in good society, was taken into the family of Mr. Harrison, in Cape Ann, in 1831, that city called by how Quebec, some days ago, where she was on Tuesday the 20th inst. She had been at some time before going from garrals to parish, and escaping from house to house where it was attempted to keep her. It is thought she was in this province last winter. To guesses put to her as to her place of abode, she says she is a stranger, extremely ingenious, she uniformly answers, persons, particularly her daughter, *Elizabeth Livingston*, and that her name was Elizabeth Livingston, *wife of Dr. Livingston of Charleston*, in Massachusetts, or *near Connecticut*. Perhaps Mr. Livingston, Secretary to Daniel Webster, is related to her husband, or Charles Livingston was her father, and Charles Loving Livingston her brother; and if she had any relatives of the name of Sands, she said she had an uncle of that name President of New Hampshire College. The respectable family with whom she is, take every possible care of her, but if not claimed they must take steps to give her in charge to some public institution.

Any further information will be had by application at the Quebec Gazette Office, No. 14 Mountain street.—*Mercury Sept. 7.*

SCURRILOUS PUBLICATIONS.

It will be recollected by the public generally, that in June last the Grand Jury presented, as great nuisances, two scurrilous weekly papers called "The Tickler," and "The Quizzical Register." A number of warrants against the publishers of the latter paper, have been some time out, but it was only last week that he could be found, when he was taken at the suit of Mr. Joseph S. Riley, for a sense of libel on his private character, aggravated by circumstances which rendered those atrocious in the highest degree. A conspiracy was effected with the publisher of the "Register" was suppressed; for seldom has there been so vile and libellous a publication from the press. No character, however unexceptionable, was spared; even his filthy strokes and fiendish loveliness and purity of female character were made the mark of the contented slanderer who, by paying a small sum of money, was allowed to publish whatever calumny he saw proper to invent. The publication of the "Register" was under the landlady, have not principle enough to conceal the real author of the slanders they publish, but that sin in the present case, is covered over so thick with evidence, as to place aught out the true criminals for the scenes of the law.

The trial of that notorious wretch, *David Sharman*, of Norwich, Conn. took place at New London, on Thursday last, before Judge Daggett and Judge Williams. The jury, on Wednesday morning, were locked in a verdict of Guilty. A more righteous verdict was never rendered. It will be recollected that Sharman's crime, was homicide of the most aggravated kind. He came home in a state of brutal intoxication, after several weeks absence, and finding his wife in bed, with he left his house in the morning and deliberately murdered his wife with an axe, in the most savage manner. Judgment had not, at the last date, been pronounced against him.

Mr. Elisha Hutchinson, of Worcester, (Va.) was killed at Hampden, about sunset on Thursday, the 29th ult. by a sand bank falling upon him. Four hands workmen upon the State House hill, a rock weighing 40 pounds, was thrown across the Common, a distance of 60 yards, and killed Mr. Hutchinson. The order of Mr. H., who was sanding near the Mutual Insurance Office. The alarm here was sounded, as usual, before the blast, and it is said that the law of this charge, Mr. H. was in front of Fullerton's. Observing the rock he immediately removed several yards in order to avoid the danger, when unfortunately he was unacquainted, he would have been perfectly safe. The unfortunate man was removed to a private dwelling, and in a few hours breathed his last. He was a man of sobriety, which money will be duly placed to his credit, and expended in the purchase of coal, which will be obtained on the cheapest terms. The amount of deposit money is optional with the individual; twelve and a half cents a week, or twenty-five cents in thirty-two weeks will amount to four dollars, a sum sufficient to procure a considerable amount of fuel at the warmest season. There is no labor required, that cannot self-ed to by double this sum in the summer season, and by so doing, he insures himself a considerable fund, during the coming winter.

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At the late annual commencement of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. there were nine graduates, William Gollier, George H. Round, John Ryser, John M. Flournoy, Benjamin L. Dellmadet, Alexander H. Wright, Daniel Chase. After these gentlemen had received their diplomas, President Fisk conferred the following degrees on the following gentlemen—Rev. Wm. M. Bange was admitted to his second degree, A. M., the Rev. Nelson Reed was admitted to his second degree, A. M., G. P. Disosway, Esq., of New York, and Rev. Wm. Hosmer, of Geneva, N. Y., were, and having, from that institution, the degree of A. M. was admitted *ad eundem* in the Wesleyan University. Mr. John Pierce, professor of the Wilbraham Academy, received the honorary degree of A. M.

The Christian Advocate and Journal in notice of the proceedings at the commencement remarks—

"The worst trouble was the crowding of large crowds of people and schools, both in the forenoon and afternoon of speaking, and the most unseemly confusion. Most of the exercises in their delivery were almost entirely lost upon every body except those who sat immediately around the speaker."

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To Readers and Correspondents.

"An Attorney" and "Mr. Downing," we deem ourselves of a place in our columns.

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"The Song—Count not the Hours," furnished by our correspondent K. J. is rejected. It will be published, though we remember having heard it repeated a long while since. It is possible it has been lately published—but under any circumstances, its intrinsic merit would preclude it from a place in our paper.

"Impromptu," by Child, is on file.

"Stanzas," by J. will be published.

"Lines on a Lady's Handkerchief," are rejected.

"The Solar System," by D. is, will answer for publication, with some trifling alterations.

"Sonnet," by Child, is unexceptionable.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

Received from		*Received from*	
Mr. Smith, Newark,	$ 5 00	Mr. Mansfield, Jersey City,	$ 5 00
Wm. Quinn,	5 00	Nathan Rice, Esq.	2 00
Wm. Hughes,	5 00	Wm. Hughes,	5 00
James Bell, Esq.	5 00	Alfred Allen, Esq.	5 00
Wm. Hughes,	5 00		*September 28.*
J. Kilborn, Esq.	1 00	George Green,	5 00
Mr. Coleman, Esq.	1 00	Wm. Hughes,	5 00
Jno. Mansfield,	5 00	Johnson & Stockton	20 00
	September 26.	Thomas Conlin,	5 00
John T. Howard,	2 00	Edgar A. Rowe,	6 00
W. M'Carty,	5 00	Wm. Hughes,	5 00
F. W. Sullivan,	21 50	P. Binney,	2 00
Wm. C. Dillwyn,	5 00	R. Wood,	5 00
J. Buckingham, Esq.	5 00	Timothy Carter, esq.	2 00
Jno. D. Lee, Esq.	5 00	Wm. Hughes,	5 00
Henry Wm. Je Esq.	10 00		*October 2.*
C. Wallis,	5 00	Henry Pratt,	20 00
W. Burton, M. D.	5 00	Enos. M. Kirk,	5 00
Jno. Mansfield,	5 00	Wm. Hughes,	5 00
Elem Jones, Esq.	1 00	J. Royer, Jr.	5 00
J. H. Lapsley,	5 00	Wm. Hughes,	5 00
P. Coggeshall, je. esq.	3 00	Elbridge G. Snowden,	5 00
Wm. Hughes,	5 00	Wm. Hughes,	5 00
J. W. Trumbull,	21 75	R. H. Foster, Esq.	4 00
	September 27.	Wm. Hughes,	5 00
A. Ogden, [rent]	4 50	A. Pond, Esq.	1 00
Mr. Hart, [rent]	4 50	Wm. Hughes,	5 00
Daniel Gregg, [rent]	2 81	S. N. Fowler, Esq.	2 00
Wm. Hughes,	5 00		*October 3.*
Samuel Brown,	5 00	Lewis S. Ayres,	10 00
Jno. R. B. Rogers,	5 00	Wm. Hughes,	5 00
John Donnelly,	5 00	James R. Hall,	4 00
Wm. Hughes,	5 00	Wm. Hughes,	5 00
Wm. A. Turner, Esq.	5 00	J. Hill, Esq.	1 00
Thomas, Esq.	5 00	Samuel Rand, Esq.	1 00
Alex. Stone,	3 00	T. Jenkins, Esq.	1 00
Henry Jones, Esq.	5 00		

From the Daily Advertiser.

We publish this letter, as a useful document from Major Downing. The Major seems to consider the President's Bank War, as against the Old Bank. The Bank as falling short of the mark, and in many very essential points of its usefulness, by acting on its own. Our Representatives in Congress, will find occasionally necessary to "the General." Indeed with the Major's permission, we think that Congress ought to take serious difficulty every few days, if we were to read the speeches of Mr. Clay, and Mr. Webster, with candor and discretion. It soon seems as if the latter had in the multitude of Counsellors there is safety, by the most

As the time, we must acknowledge, the Major, in his Proclamation, has touched one tickling subject. That is, the Bank of Pennsylvania, and the intention to nominate a candidate for the Presidency—in the Bay fish, to be sure, but still a candidate. Upon this subject, he may not only lose his bedfellow, but his friends will be few indeed.

Major *Downing's Circular.*—Published by Authority.

I, MAJOR J. Downing, of the 3d Brigade of Downville Militia, do hereby certify that on the 4th day of August, [I and the General being pretty much the worse for liquor] I was present at a meeting of the Old Bank and the Bank he's got measles and is—give out his step For Nothing, and find his own Rum.

The times are now getting pretty squally, and if we don't look out we shall be taken aback. The way I look at it now is the time for all on your to bank me and the G. Bank, for the Old Bank is now in a critical state, and if work, mocking down abuses, and still things don't go right by our side, and the Bank don't get the deposits, the offices from the opposition folks will some on me to manage to get money to keep the Old Bank afloat. We have taken away the pennin from them, and gin it all to our folks and if they keep growing poor pretty much we can manage to check them off no how, but they have got a big interest in the country, and they have some of our notices, but keep all the while wrote and written their copy. The Old Bank has got Mr. Webster and McDuffy, and Adams, and Sergeon, and Clay, and Wright in the West Indies, and a host of more of such kinder fellows, know more than Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Kendle, Mr. Candeling, and Major Barry, and such like folks, and they can't, and don't want us used too. But I, and the General have found out their game.

Biddle and the Bank are the sarvents—and if they don't pay up down here, they will be sent to jail for sure as Biddle's Bank sat like other Banks—ery thing when they gave out their notes, but now they won't, and the banks do all they can to help us. There is one in Mayor called the Mechanics Bank, and it is a new kind of bank, it loans money only to our friends, and the gin thinks it will be a good thing for them, and they do so, too, and if they don't they put the screws on em and they have to come down like a sick horse. The one in Albany and if the United States Bank was managed by some of the Bank folks, they'd soon put it in a much better off. And what was the United States Bank made for? Why, for Mr. Biddle, Mr. Webster, Mr. Ross, and Mr. Adams, when they were President, put it up for their friends, and the opposition folks don't get money to their friends, and the opposition folks don't like it, and they are trying to break it down, and they have got some big men on their side, and when they get their copy they will make it into delightful sport. The account of Tom's street will remove Mr. Parker's house to the Monongahela factory life for Bank Bar ners, for which he asserted on this week he had been generally offered ad free hundred dollars, besides exterminating your enemy wives, schools, fine cows, and chickens in abundance. It will in fact almost annihilate the garden itself. Of as great value our readers may form from the above, when we state that the Bank Director has at this time no less than ten thousand calp roots for sale, of none than two hundred different kinds of dahlias, fig trees, and a large variety of flowers in endless variety. He can sell you an Aleksander grape for a dollar, by placing which in your garden, and if you may have fifty bushels of grapes, and his garden occupies an acre and a half, of ground—by the acre of it is neglected—eatly such as, sugar say, nutmeg in place. One cannot help but admire the reason the damages occasioned by an inroad of this kind will be but a trifle. But as the time for the duty will be far distant, when this garden, occupied for botanical purposes perhaps an hundred years, we will not be finally invaded.

The Mayoneasing Almshouse, a neat and capacious brick building, is under the charge of skilful and experienced matrons, and is in all respects admirable. It is home for the unfortunate as such unexceptionally so. Much of the ground in Moyamensing, is of the most undesirable ground for building, and the original settlers at Philadelphia, before the lauding of William Penn.

MOYAMENSING.

The new County Prison in the Township of Moyamensing, is one of the most colossal edifices of the many prise in progress around our city. The new Alms House probably ranks next—the Girard College, to cost nine hundred thousand dollars, second, and the County Prison third. It will cost near half a million of dollars! Strange, that we should pay so much for the views of our species! A visit to it is for the present day be refunded to those who visit the. The front is not yet completed, but the huge towers by which it is flanked, composed of massive out blocks of granite, rested in their places by powerful machinery erected for the purpose, strike the mind with wonder, and send back the astonishment to the musted castles, and ungothic fortresses of Europe, in her feudal times. The huge arches over the two principal entrances, form of set of two single blocks of granite and the key stone, are perhaps the most splendid specimens of architectural simplicity and strength as the city can possess. Entering the principal door, you find yourself in a spacious hall, from which, on turning to the right, you are immediately ushered into a gallery or corridor about five feet wide, which runs round the cell. On each side of this immense avenue are the cells, ranged in three tiers on each side, one immediately over the other, about ten feet square, and two hundred and four in all. Above these is a vast height, are sixty eight windows, affording sufficient light to the corridor which passes round the cells in each flat.

The second and third tiers of cells are approached by light galleries running along their entire front, supported on strong irons of iron firmly planted in the walls. We can imagine nothing more dreary than the solitary fate a prisoner in die of these isolated cells in his loneliness and dejection it exceeds any thing we have ever read of, or imagined. The entire system of his own bad propensities, is here shut up from the world, and is left to living grave. The cells adjoining him on either side, contain other human beings, the separate wall is firm, studded with numerous doors, as is also with intervening passages, that no one may know it from the clink of the hammer within, or the ready movement of the shuttle.

Besides the cells, the interior plan the solely known," yet to those simple sounds all his knowledge is confined.

Standing at the top of this vast hall, the eye looking down to the extremity, in vain attempts to fathom its dimensions and depth. On the other side of the prison is a similar hall, with an equal number of cells as above shown, making four hundred and eight cells altogether.

Between these two wings, is a large building, probably two acres of ground, intended for assembling, and other purposes connected with the Prison. On the top of the northern end of the centre building is a cupola, studded with numerous doors, as is also with intervening passages, that no one may know it from the clink of the hammer within, or the ready movement of the shuttle.

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The Columbia Rail Road is now in course of rapid completion down Broad to the Navy Yard, passing through the latter to the river Delaware, the street being one hundred feet wide. What effect on the value of property in the neighborhood it will have, it is hard to calculate. Facilities of that description, when completed through a country covered with dense houses, and otherwise of a populous nature, for purposes of trade and commerce, no doubt effect the business changes in all the most important features. Those who believe a system of internal improvement introduced in the streets of a thickly peopled city, like Penn Sylvania, will produce the most happy results. We shall not attempt to argue the question for either party, being satisfied to leave so important a question to the test of time and experience. So far as completed on Broad street, the rail road presents no obstruction of any kind. Carriages and other vehicles may cross the rail road without any sense to themselves or injury to it. The work is finished in a very handsome manner, and does credit in no respect behind the most perfect rail road structures of the kind in this country. Broad street, between Market and Chesnut, is extended one hundred feet wider than the rest of the street, and is very handsome. Trees that would produce in a short time, the most magnificent

THE OLIO

Variety's the spice of Life, That gives it all its flavour.

FAITHLESS ANNA.

Miss Slowsmile Anna Jones,
She fell in love one day,
So went down on her marrow bones,
And thus began to pray:

"Oh long may I my true love love,
Long my my love love me."
She prized so long she could not move,
The crazy coon in her knee.

But love's a most uncertain thing,
And can't be trusted to
For when he'd bought the wedding ring,
Miss Blowsy proved untrue.

More than poor fellow did expect
All by a sudden death;
And it is sure of a broken heart,
It were for want of breath.

Some say he'd used her ill ofttime,
Some say she'd used him worse;
She pawned the ring—the duplicate
And changes were in her purse.

Her conscience made her very sick,
She took unto her bed;
The cold fact on a good warm brick,
A night cap on her head.

The air was raw and frost'ner too,
The cold it nipped her nose;
And so by eight o'clock I would do,
She put it 'mauh the clothes.

A Ghost there came to her bedside,
A mourner tall and grim;
But when she looked, she turned her head,
And would not look at him.

A frog upon each elbow were,
A lizard on her chin;
And lurkin his teeth in't head of a rat,
Kept pooping out and in.

His eyes they glared, and looked so full,
They set the bed on fire;
Miss Blowsy tried to ring the bell
He could'nt pull the wire.

A string of dead dow-worms were tied
Around his scraggy knee;
Says he "I come to claim my bride,
Because she broke her vow."

She screamed and wept at what he said,
But found it all in vain;
So he hauled upon the bed,
And went to sleep again!

MEANING OF DARKNESS.—"Have you obtained a good boarder to-day, sir?" said a gentleman the other day to a little lesson just out of school. "No, sir," was the reply, "I have more boarders than I can attend to."

A SLEEPABLE HINT.—A day or two since, while a gentleman was examining a barrow he had picked up out of our mechanics, it was discovered that one of the wheels was deficient of a spoke. The owner of the shop was apologizing for the oversight, when one of his lads spoke out: "If you have no spoke, I will send you mine." His impertinence was soon checked by the mechanic, with this remark: "But I want a *tongue that will keep the place.*"

HAPPITT OF EATING.—The witty author of "Men and Manners in America," in describing a dinner at a table boten in New York, says: "Around, I beheld the same scene of gulping and swallowing, as if for a wager, which my observations at breakfast had prepared me to expect. In my own neighborhood there was no conversation. Each individual seemed to *pitchfork* his food down his throat, without the smallest attention to the wants of his neighborhood. If you asked a gentleman to help you from any dish against him, he certainly complied, but in a manner that showed you had requested him a thousand miles off; and, instead of a siave, your plate generally returned loaded with a solid mountain sufficient to overwhelm you."

The proverbs of many nations have been collected as guides for inspection, for information, or for checks. In Dutch, one of our fellow citizens, who has lately travelled in Turkey, and whose work is now just published has enabled us to give the following he collected of the Turkish proverbs:

A little stone can make a great house.
In a car drawn by oxen you may reach a farm.
A faithful friend drawers his head from a stone.
It is not by saying honey! honey! that sweets come to the mouth.
He who squeezes a friend without faults, will never have one.
He sells a cow for a nightingale.
Eat and drink with your friend; but transact no business with him.
A man deserves another but once.
If by default it takes a wife to the ears.
You can't carry two melons under one arm.
If love prevails, one should be blind, deaf and dumb.
All that you give you will carry with you.
More flies are caught by a drop of honey, than by a quantum of vinegar.
Who gives not the poor gives to God.
The fool has his heart on his tongue, the wise man his tongue in his heart.
Good wine and handsome women are two agreeable poisons.
Every event which causes a tear is accompanied by another which produces a smile.
An egg to-day is better than a hen to-morrow.
He could shorten if into *long* who knows if the fishes don't know it, God will.
He who fears God does not fear man.
If your enemy is no bigger than a pismire, fancy him as big as an elephant.
A wife causes the prosperity or ruin of a house.
He who knows every thing is ashamed of nothing.
He who weeps for every body soon loses his eyesight.
Mirth is learned by conversation than by reading.
Such a mere valuable than a thousand others.
There are more invisible than visible things.
He who is borrowed loses sleep, he who lends, also.
Don't trust to the whiteness of the turban, the soap were bought on trust.
Death is a black camel which knocks at every door.
When you make a blind man, make him a one-eyed.
Blood is not washed out with blood, but with water.
Although the tongue has no bones it breaks bones.
The heart is a child, it hopes what it wishes.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

Illustrative of American enterprise and daring.

Shortly after the termination of the late war between Great Britain and the United States, an American citizen, then on his travels in Europe, took passage in a packet boat from Greenock, crossing the North Channel to Belfast. On the deck of the packet were Quakers, with other strangers, being not a little surprised on beholding a considerable wake of white foam astern of on one of the beaks of the river at a point as distant from the sea, and in a direction as far from the sea as conveniently perfectly safe from the incursions of an enemy's fleet, on espying his ancient foe in the very heart of the steam boat, (a true John Bull's) so unnecessary a confirmation having been evinced by the Yankee, knowing that he was addressing an American, to whom the presence and spirit of the enterprise for their noble daring, was a high treat: "why, sir, had we been at war with any other nation than the land of our fairy work in that situation would not have been at all necessary, but the d——l Yankees are so bold and inquisitive that there was no telling how far they would venture to penetrate into the heart of the country; I, myself, saw two of their privateers during the war come sailing up the river, and in the very centre of Cowes, within the reach of the Guns of the Battery, and though a sandy flat would be left dry, they grappled and captured, but to my astonishment and mortification, after being fairly aground, one wheeled about like a coach and four, and made off in safety, with their colours flying and drums beating YAN-KEE DOODLE."

*The term Yankee, is applied in Great Britain to all Americans, whether from the North, the South, the East, or the West, for there they pay no regard to the geographical divisions into republics Boston, but have it as only one great nation, who collectively won their Liberty, and established their Independence.

A WAGER.—A gentleman of this city had put up in a gentleman's garden in this city, for the worn to build in. In securing it to the top, the handle part of the gourd was broken off, and left a large opening which, at first, it was proposed to stop by nailing a board over it, but finally it was left open, the gourd vines with a parcel of brown paper made into a bag and stuffed into the aperture.

In due season, the worn built its nest, hatched a brood of young and departed. In a few days, what succeeded a few days after it was deserted, the gourd was blown down, and the wind having had put up an apparatus and the curiosity to examine the nest; this resulted in a discovery of the fact that the nest of these birds for the security of their young, which seemed as if there was something of reason within of about it.

The inside, as usual, was made up of the finest and softest materials for the cradle and bed of the infant brood, but the drop or bottom was so contrived, and in its place supplied by the clippings of a thorn hedge, these were wrought in and around the nest, so that it required some trouble to dislodge them.

In the instance it would appear that the wood regarded this defence of paper to be the weak point in her domicil, and accordingly had provided it with a sort of brush work, which rendered her habitation impregnable to ordinary attacks.

The bird must have gone some distance to have procured the thorn clippings, as this plant is not known to be the produce of the adjacent gardens.—*Cork Paragraph.*

If Lord Portarlington's acceptance could speak, what noble Roman would they name!—*Cobbett.*

An auctioneer's lady produced twins to her spouse the other day, which how so much of a likeness to each other, that it was hard to tell which was which. So he determined to christen one of the *lot*, *Lot* and the other *Dirk*, from his own catalogue.

MAJ. JACK DOWNING—A YANKEE GIM BLET.

Some Yankee gimlets have been bought,
Like wooden mintages, for truth;
Through deeper cheap, and powerful lies,
They break, when even boring pine.
But now they make them better;
The prize is win, we learn by letter,
That the desired is much improved;
A gimblet made away Down East,
Bores round and round by moving;
In Cabinet work, 'tis just the thing!
And when 'tis wher on Morality's peg,
Bores Hickory through from A to (nasal.

Life is a flower garden, in which new blossoms are ever springing as fast as old ones fade.
Nature is the author of the Invisible One.
The first fruit man commits is to take liberties for experience; the second to consider his own experience as that of all.
Where children are, is a golden age.
Between congenial minds conversations are most painful, as discords are the harsher the nearer they approach to concord.
Anger wishes the human race had but one neck, love but one heart, one mouth, and one kiss to be all eternal.
Two things fill my mind with ever new and increasing admiration and veneration the oftener and more constantly I occupy myself with them—the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within me.
Forgiveness is the finding and not inventing lost-mindedness, a prolonged morale.
The wise man governs his wife when we feel inclined to press to our bosom every fair woman, and desirous not, every woman, and desirous not, every magnificence of all nature like her beloved.

THE GOLD WATCH.—I have now in my hand a gold watch, which combines embellishment and safety in happy proportion, and which, therefore, unites the valuable appendage to a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain, and seal, are of gold, and the inside of the lid. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald. I open it, and see its delicate works, without which the elegantly dressed chain would be a mere toy. I look at the hands, and see those figures without meaning, are made of 3 ms. I investigate the face, and find it to be spring. I which all these works are put in motion, inside of I am told that it is made of steel. I open the back. The reply is, that it is iron, which has undergone a certain process. I look at the key, and find it useless without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures, and face, without the key, is not of gold, that would not do—but of iron. Iron, therefore, the most useful of metals, gives the gold watch its an apt emblem of society. Its hands and figures which tell the hour, resemble the many agents of the age, to whose movements every eye is occasionally directed. Its springs are the wheels, the pinions, the rubies, tenons and embellishments, the aristocracy. But it is the key which winds up the whole, the moving intelligence and power of which the master agents of the age are merely tools. Any man might wind up in a box, but never thought of, except when it is displayed, locks, or keys, are the most important the laborious classes, which are ignorantly and superficially considered. Without the mechanic, the watch without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures, and face, without the key, is not of gold, that would not do—but of iron. Iron, therefore, the most useful of metals, gives the gold watch its an apt emblem of society. Its hands and figures which tell the hour, resemble the many agents of the age, to whose movements every eye is occasionally directed. Its springs are the wheels, the pinions, the rubies, tenons and embellishments, the aristocracy. But it is the key which winds up the whole, the moving intelligence and power of which the master agents of the age are merely tools. Any man might wind up in a box, but never thought of, except when it is displayed, locks, or keys, are the most important the laborious classes, which are ignorantly and superficially considered. Without the mechanic, the watch without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures, and face, without the key, is not of gold, that would not do—but of iron. Iron, therefore, the most useful of metals, gives the gold watch its an apt emblem of society.

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.—The Haverhill (Mass.) Iris, contains the following advertisement for a wife.

"In the State of Massachusetts, in the County of Essex, a respectable young man, of steady habits, and likely, active, genteel, good dispositioned, white girl, the age between seventeen and twenty, as to fill for his companion in life. If her age is older or younger she would not be objected to. A young woman from eighteen to thirty-six, with one son, or one daughter, would not be objected to, provided the child is white and we are published, a pair of shoes and a new gown will be presented to the bride on the wedding.

Any lady who is disposed to accept of the offer of her lord and master, will be required to strict her name to the subscriber, post paid, directed to

FRANCIS HOYT.*

Ipswich, 1833.

*We the subscribers do hereby certify that we are from God, who maketh all things, that we will be published, or cried, according to the laws of the United States in which we live, and do hereby confess before God and man that we have entered into the married state on 1833 —so help us God. We the subscribers hereby certify that if we do not marry within the year 1833, he or she shall forfeit the sum of one hundred dollars, to be paid without money—so help us God."

A MIRACLE.—About the beginning of last week a *doll* and *bell* were manufactured at our office, each exciting curiosity by working, and by signs. We asked the doll if she would be married, and she nodded her head readily and willingly, and accordingly took her station by our side. We asked the bell if he would be married, and he answered in the affirmative, by a pull of about and a peal of sweet music, which was the signal for the wedding.

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IMPROVED INSTRUMENTS FOR DRAWING TEETH.—Dr. Crane, Dentist, of this City, bestowes us a case of instruments for extracting teeth, which for its use is capable of judging, is a great improvement on the instruments formerly in use for the painful operation. The case consists of ten pair of forceps, exactly fitted to every tooth, and which applied by a new and ingenious, a moderate pressure raises the tooth nearly perpendicularly out of the jaw, with comparative ease to the patient, and without the least danger of injuring the adjacent teeth. We do not, by this notice, mean to say, that these instruments, however perfect they may be thought by the inventor, will be used by every person unacquainted with the anatomy of the head. Some persons have a blind eye, and the art of extracting teeth, though not entirely without pain, is rendered little less than to the old mode. As the instrument cannot be used with effect, but by those who know the tooth-ache must attend it before evening, or endure it for a considerable length of time.

TERRIBLE FALL OF A LIGHTNING CLIFF AT MARCUS.—On the 19th July, an immense avalanche of the lofty cliff at Marcus, fell with a tremendous crash, and it is calculated that 300,000 tons of limestone rock were precipitated upon the shore of Lake Champlain. The noise was heard for many miles around, and was by occurred very near one of the newly erected light houses, through there is no fears that any damage will when what old Leland so aptly calls "the rage of Saturn" has subsided. Fortunately the light house was at those substantial and solid fabrics ought to underwrite. The engineering by which the light is to be raised has been awarding the day on the Marcus rocks, and the action of frost has been effective in preparing immense before the fall took place.—*Merthyr Guardian.*

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